

FACING FORWARD

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POEMS OF COURAGE

COLLECTED BY

JOSEPH MORRIS

AND

ST. CLAIR ADAMS

COMPILERS OF "IT CAN BE DONE,"

"SILVER LININGS," "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," ETC.

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FOREWORD

IN *The Home Library of Verse* the public is offered a comprehensive collection of poetry in four volumes. The poems represent a range of time of over three centuries: from the masterpieces of the Elizabethan period to contemporary verse of today. They also represent a catholicity in selection unmatched in any other collection: many of them are established classics whose rank as literature not the most fastidious critic would question, while others are frankly of less literary merit yet deserve inclusion because of their wide and perennial appeal. In this set of books are found many poems that, while famous, are not easily accessible anywhere else.

The poems in each volume were selected with broad reference to a central theme. That of **IT CAN BE DONE** is inspiration, the motive force that sets the machinery of human enterprise going; that of **FACING FORWARD** is courage, the power that sustains man in his moments of harassment and defeat and leads him to ever greater accomplishment; that of **SILVER LININGS** is hope and cheer which irradiate life with a sensible optimism; that of **THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD** is faith and consolation, wherein the poets have given lofty expression to the ultimate things of life and, because their own intuitive spirit is so closely akin to God's, offer satisfying answers to the questings and hunger of the human heart.

A novel feature of *The Home Library of Verse* that has met with universal favor on the part of both the public and the press is the headings preceding the poems. These introductions are provided for exactly the same reason an organist employs a prelude; while they in no

way attempt to hedge the imagination of the reader, they do suggest a mood and indicate a point of view.

Another feature widely acclaimed is the inclusion in each volume of a few poems in a distinctly lighter vein. Nothing is so splendid, amid serious surroundings, as the electric relief of a hearty laugh. The editors therefore, both in selecting their material and in making their comments upon it, have given due place to the element of humor.

It is doubtful if any other collection of poetry, except Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, has ever been as widely read as the volumes in *The Home Library of Verse*. The readers, on the most conservative of estimates, must number between two and three millions; the volumes are among the most cherished books in thousands of homes, parsonages, offices, schools, libraries, and hospitals. It has often been said that these volumes have had a marked effect on the revival of the reading of poetry in America.

It is with pleasure that the compilers acknowledge the kindness of publishers and poets in permitting the use of material held strictly under the protection of copyright.

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THE MAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

Few of us realize the big things we can do until we try. It is better to try and to fail than not to make the attempt. From the attempt comes growth. The whole development of our lives lies in doing things as to the outcome of which we are uncertain. The child is afraid of his first somersault until he flops over; after that the thing is a "cinch." Too many of us linger in the valleys because the mountains *look* high. Too many of us stand shivering at the edge of the water, and fear to plunge in. The world belongs to the man who dares. Rightly so, indeed, for cowardice is incompetence—the timorous procrastinator would not know what to do with success if he had it.

IF you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can.

Walter D. Wintle.

THE LEGACY

A man wished to test how far the good-natured compliance of an Irish acquaintance would extend. One tempestuous morning he remarked: "Well, Flaherty, there isn't much wind to-day, is there?" "No," agreed the Irishman, "but what there is makes mighty good use of itself." And so of our courage. Under adversity it may shrink until it seems small, but we should see that it makes good use of itself.

I HAVE looked my last on joyous youth; days of the
white dreams gone,
But I purpose to walk the rest of the way with never a
longing thought;
Courage is not of an age nor a time—ever it struggles on,
Growing in strength and building true on all that the
past has wrought,
Then Courage shall go the way with me—
An heritage—and my legacy!

I have striven, in vain, for the greater things; for goals
that my youth desired,
Hotly following will-o'-the-wisps, born of Fire of Hope;
But now, in the cool of the quieter day, what if the soul
be tired?
Courage will help defeat the ills with which I have yet
to cope.
Stripped of my youth, I still may find
Help in the years I have left behind.

Leaving the course to the swift and sure, through by-ways
I will fare,
Hearing at times the joyous call of the runners upon
their way,
Learning, though late, to know the flowers, learning at
last to care
For the birds that sing, and the stars at night—the sun-
filled, wind-swept day!
Learning that Youth may leave in its place
A Courage that bears a smiling face.

Everard Jack Appleton.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Quiet Courage,"
D. Appleton & Co.

BE STRONG

A general riding in the direction of the gunfire met a colored soldier retreating at top speed. "Halt, there!" bade the officer. "Don't you know a battle is going on in front?" "Yes, suh; I knows dat. I's spreadin' de news." Too many of us, when strong endeavor is called for, are content to shake our heads or to spread the news.

BE strong!
We are not here to play,—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle,—face it: 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not,—fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

Maltbie D. Babcock.

A RULE

DO all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

John Wesley.

AN INSPIRATION

The plaudits and the trophies are so often bestowed upon effrontery and injustice that honesty and right may seem doomed to hopeless failure. But everything shuffles into its right place at last. "Trust in yourself and what the world calls your illusions." So Longfellow bids us. And Harriet Beecher Stowe, on her seventieth birthday, declared that no struggle had ever appeared more futile than the long struggle to abolish slavery; yet it had succeeded. "Remember," was her comment; "whatever ought to be done can be done."

HOWEVER the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light, —
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight,—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;
Tho' the enemy seems to have won,
Tho' his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong
The battle is not yet done;
For, sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor!
O woman young, yet old!

O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the power of gold!
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

From "Poems of Power,"
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

CONTENTMENT

It is not so hard to be content *after* the struggle. Even if we have failed, we are satisfied with the knowledge that we put up a good fight. But to be content *during* a struggle—especially a struggle in which the world of our hopes goes to pieces about us—calls for pluck of a higher order. The noblest heroism is that which remains serene at the very moment of treachery and disaster.

HAPPY the man that, when his day is done,
Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret—
The battle he has fought may not be won—
The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet;
Folding at last his hands upon his breast,
Happy is he, if hoary and forespent,
He sinks into the last, eternal rest,
Breathing these only words: "I am content."

But happier he, that, while his blood is warm,
Sees hopes and friendships dead about him lie—
Bares his brave breast to envy's bitter storm,
Nor shuns the poison barbs of calumny;
And 'mid it all, stands sturdy and elate,
Girt only in the armor God hath meant
For him who 'neath the buffetings of fate
Can say to God and man: "I am content."

Eugene Field

From "Poems of Eugene Field,"
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Charles Scribner's Sons.

JOGGIN' ERLONG

Conditions may be against us; hard knocks may be our portion. But our thought should be concentrated upon the accomplishment of our purpose. Francis Ouimet declares that in the great matches the best golfers play against the card rather than against the opponent. The rival's shots are of course often amazingly good. Instead of heeding these, they bend their efforts toward playing each hole in par figures; for if they succeed in this, their opponent must play better than par golf to beat them.

DE da'kest hour, dey allus say,
Is des' befo' de dawn,
But it's moughty ha'd a-waitin'
W'ere de night goes frownin' on;
An' it's moughty ha'd a-hopin'
W'en de clouds is big an' black,
An' all de t'ings you's waited fu'
Has failed, er gone to wrack—
But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de night's been long.

Dey's lots o' knocks you's got to tek
Befo' yo' journey's done,
An' dey's times w'en you'll be wishin'
Dat de weary race was run;
W'en you want to give up tryin'
An' des' float erpon de wave,
W'en you don't feel no mo' sorrer
Ez you t'ink erbout de grave—
Den, des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah we'n de night's been long.

De whup-lash sting a good deal mo'
De back hit's knowed befo',
An' de burden's allus heavies'
Whaih hits weights has made a so';
Dey is times w'en tribulation
Seems to git de uppah han'
An' to whip de weary trav'lah
'Twell be ain't got stren'th to stan'—

But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah we'n de night's been long.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

From "Complete Poems,"
Dodd, Mead & Co.

PRAYER

The man who accepts conditions exactly as they are, accepts them in full without protest or objection, is spiritually dead. Though we should be appreciative of the fine and generous things which human beings have accomplished, it is just as incumbent upon us to resent the wrongs which still linger. To this extent, at least, we should be "ever insurgent."

GOD, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt,
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half done,
Keep me, with storm and stubborn pride;
And when, at last, the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

Louis Untermeyer.

From "Challenge,"
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I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

These valiant lines were written during the World War by a young poet who soon afterward kept the rendezvous he announces. They remind one of the last words spoken by another man who lost his life in the conflict. As Charles Frohman, the theatrical producer, stood on the deck of the sinking *Lusitania*, he said: "Now I shall learn the rest of that beautiful adventure we all must take."

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair,

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 't were better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Alan Seeger.

From "Poems,"
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Charles Scribner's Sons.

STICK TO IT

Over the desk of Irving T. Bush, in New York, hangs this motto: "Konsider the Postage Stamp, my Son. Its usefulness konsists in its ability to stick till it gets there."

STICK to it, boy,
Through the thick and the thin of it!
Work for the joy
That is born of the din of it.
But don't let them fret you;
Dangers are lurking,
But just keep on working.
If it's worth while and you're sure of the **right of it**,
Stick to it, boy, and make a real fight of it.

Stick to it, lad,
Be not frail and afraid of it;
Stand to the gad
For the man to be made of it.
Deaf to the sneering
And blind to the jeering,
Willing to master
The present disaster,
Stick to it, lad, through the trial and test of it,
Patience and courage will give you the best of it.

Stick to it, youth,
Be not sudden to fly from it;
This is the truth,
Triumph may not far lie from it.
Dark is the morning
Before the sun's dawning,
Battered and sore of it
Bear a bit more of it,
Stick to it, even though blacker than ink it is,
Victory's nearer, perhaps, than you think it is!

Edgar A. Guest.

From "The Passing Throng,"
The Reilly & Lee Co.

THE THINKER

Many years ago the street railways of Chicago were a disgrace to the city, yet the newspapers could not get the definite facts the public demanded. On the staff of the *Chicago Tribune* was a young reporter named Frank A. Vanderlip, afterward the well-known financier. He decided that since inquiries by the journalists had elicited nothing, he would see what intelligence would do. By buying a share of stock in the railways he won the right to attend the stockholders' meetings. It was not long until the public was reading the facts through the columns of the *Tribune*.

BACK of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who Knows;
For into each plow or sabre,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor,
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motors humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,

Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the Job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true!

Berton Braley.

From "Songs of the Workaday World,"
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George H. Doran Co., Publishers.

THE WINDS OF FATE

Circumstances are powerful. Fate is powerful. Sometimes it appears as if a man is predestined to be beaten helplessly from pillar to post, or as if a wrong is to persist forever. But a resolute heart can change that which seems to be unchangeable. A friend once tried to dissuade Theodore Parker from attacking slavery. "It will come to an end in God's good time," said he. "The trouble is," replied Parker, "that God isn't in a hurry, and I am." And he continued to strike vigorously, determined that things should *not* take their course.

ONE ship drives east and another drives west,
With the self-same winds that blow,
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
That tell them the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate,
As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul
That decides its goal
And not the calm or the strife.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

From "Poems of Optimism,"
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

WORK FOR SMALL MEN

"To understand all is to forgive all," says the proverb. But most of us are not charitable in our attitude. We have an exalted opinion of ourselves and a low opinion of those around us. Schnitzler was once asked what enjoyment he had found at a social function. "If I had not been there myself," replied he, "I should have been terribly bored."

DON'T hate your neighbor if his creed
With your own doctrine fails to fit;
The chances that you both are wrong,
You know, are well-nigh infinite.
Don't fancy, mid a million worlds
That fill the silent dome of night,
The gleams of all pure truth converge
Within the focus of your sight;
For this, my friend, is not the work for you:
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Don't hate men when their hands are hard,
And patches make their garments whole;
A man whose clothes are spick and span
May wear big patches on his soul.
Don't hate a man because his coat
Does not conform to fashion's art;
A man may wear a full-dress suit,
And have a ragamuffin heart.
This, my good friend, is not the work for you;
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Hate not the men of narrow scope,
Of senses dull, whose brows recede,
Whose hearts are embryos; for you spring,
My dainty friend, from just this breed.
Be sure the years will lift them up;
They'll toil beneath the patient sky,
And through the vista of long days
Will all come forward by and by.

Hate not these men; this is no work for you;
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Despise not any man that lives,
Alien or neighbor, near or far;
Go out beneath the scornful stars,
And see how very small you are.
The world is large, and space is high
That sweeps around our little ken;
But there's no space or time to spare
In which to hate our fellow-men.
And this, my friend, is not the work for you;
Then leave all this for smaller men to do.

Sam Walter Foss.

From "Whiffs from Wild Meadows,"
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

WHY REPINE, MY FRIEND?

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

Walter Savage Landor.

JANE JONES

Some people lament because they lack the means of success. Others set to work to make the most of such means as they have. Daniel Morgan, resolved to give battle to the British, adopted the dangerous principle of making his stand with a river at his rear. But he reflected that his untried troops would fight harder if they knew that retreat was impossible. The rawest of them, the ones he was certain would run in any case, he stationed far to the front with instructions to fire twice and then take to their heels. Of course he forewarned his other forces that he was trying to draw the British into a trap. The raw recruits carried out their part of the program perfectly except in one respect—they fired only once before running. Nevertheless Morgan had made such ingenious use of the material at his disposal that he, and not his opponent Tarleton, was victor in the conflict.

JANE JONES keeps talkin' to me all the time,
An' says you must make it a rule
To study your lessons 'nd work hard 'nd learn,
An' never be absent from school.
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
An' how he clum up to the top,
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
Down in a blacksmithing shop?
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!

O' course what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top,
Is not never havin' no blacksmithing shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,
But full of ambition an' brains;
An' studied philosophy all his hull life.
An' see what he got for his pains!
He brought electricity out of the sky,
With a kite an' a bottle an' key,
An' we're owing him more'n any one else
For all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!

Mebbe he did—
I dunno!
O' course what's allers been hinderin' me
Is not havin' any kite, lightning, er key.

Jane Jones said Abe Lincoln had no books at all
An' used to split rails when a boy;
An' General Grant was a tanner by trade
An' lived way out in Ill'nois.
So when the great war in the South first broke out
He stood on the side o' the right,
An' when Lincoln called him to take charge o' things,
He won nearly every blamed fight.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!

Still I ain't to blame, not by a big sight,
For I ain't never had any battles to fight.

She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees
When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards 'nd Italians, too,
An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,
'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth,
'Nd bought him the Santa Maria 'nd said,
"Go hunt up the rest o' the earth!"
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—
I dunno!

O' course that may be, but then you must allow
They ain't no land to discover jest now!

Ben King.

From "Ben King's Verse,"
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Forbes & Co.

RECESSIONAL

Kipling's well-known poem is a prayer that in the hurry for accumulation and external achievement we may not forget the inner and the spiritual things of life. For it is these, after all, that are permanent—these that we should seek with ardor most consuming. "Every man," says Marcus Aurelius, "is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he is concerned."

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,

And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

Rudyard Kipling.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

During the Civil War an ill-considered letter written by a Union general fell into the hands of the Confederates. General Lee promptly wrote to Jefferson Davis to advise that no publicity be given the letter, as this would needlessly bring reproach upon the author. Such consideration toward any one, much less toward an enemy, is only too rare.

WHEN over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

James Whitcomb Riley.

From the Biographical Edition
Of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley,
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THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Any man with sympathy and insight must feel keenly the condition of those who merely and ceaselessly drudge, to whom nature and pictures and books and fruitful conversation are nothing. The fault does not always lie with the persons themselves; often conditions are responsible. It is the part of wisdom, as well as of justice, to see that these conditions are alleviated. Otherwise, when the downtrodden have the opportunity, we may expect from them outbreaks of furious revenge, such as France experienced in the eighteenth century and Russia experienced in the twentieth.

BOVED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the unknown deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

Edwin Markham.

From "The Man with the Hoe,"
Doubleday, Page & Co.

THREE THINGS

THREE things are given man to do—
To dare, to labor and to grow:
Not otherwise from earth we came,
Nor otherwise our way we go.

Bliss Carman.

TO A WATERFOWL

Bryant, a young man just licensed to practise law, set out on foot across the New England hills to see whether he might find a professional opening in the town of Plainfield. He was feeling "very forlorn and desolate." Pausing, he saw against the after-glow of a brilliant sunset the flight of a solitary bird. So impressed and encouraged was he that when he reached his stopping-place for the night he wrote the lines which follow. Hartley Coleridge once read them to Matthew Arnold and declared that they constituted "the best short poem in the language," a verdict with which Arnold was inclined to agree.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last
steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

VALOR

In mild weather we may boast of braving the storm. On shore we may speak of defying the waves. In a parlor we may vaunt of ranging battlefields. Valor is plentiful until it is brought to the test. But only when the test has been made can we be sure whether it is spurious or genuine.

IN the reproofs of chance
Lies the true proof of man. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valor's show, and valor's worth, divide
In storms of fortune.

William Shakespeare.

BARB-WIRE BILL

There is nothing more inspiring in human nature than the willingness of men, even selfish or debased men, to sacrifice themselves in order to shield the helpless.

A T dawn of day the white land lay all gruesome-like and grim,
When Bill McGee he says to me: "We've got to do it, Jim.
"We've got to make Fort Liard quick. I know the river's bad,
"But, oh! the little woman's sick . . . why! don't you savvy, lad?"
And me! Well, yes, I must confess it wasn't hard to see
Their little family group of two would soon be one of three.
And so I answered, careless-like: "Why, Bill! you don't suppose
"I'm scared of that there 'babbling brook'? Whatever you say—goes."

A real live man was Barb-wire Bill, with insides copper-lined;
For "barb-wire" was the brand of "hooch" to which he most inclined.
They knew him far; his igloos are on Kittiegazuit strand.
They knew him well, the tribes who dwell within the Barren Land.
From Koyokuk to Kuskoquim his fame was everywhere;
And he did love, all life above, that little Julie Claire,
The lithe, white slave-girl he had bought for seven hundred skins,
And taken to his wickiup to make his moccasins.

We crawled down to the river bank and feeble folk were we,
That Julie Claire from God-knows-where, and Barb-wire Bill and me.

From shore to shore we heard the roar the heaving ice-
floe make,
And loud we laughed, and launched our raft, and followed
in their wake.
The river swept and seethed and leapt, and caught us in
its stride;
And on we hurled amid a world that crashed on every side.
With sullen din the banks caved in; the shore-ice lanced
the stream;
The naked floes like spooks arose, all jiggling and agleam.
Black anchor-ice of strange device shot upward from its
bed,
As night and day we cleft our way, and arrow-like we
sped.

But "Faster still!" cried Barb-wire Bill, and looked the
live-long day
In dull despair at Julie Claire, as white like death she lay.
And sometimes he would seem to pray and sometimes
seem to curse,
And bent above, with eyes of love, yet ever she grew
worse.
And as we plunged and leapt and lunged, her face was
plucked with pain,
And I could feel his nerves of steel a-quiver at the strain.
And in the night he gripped me tight as I lay fast asleep:
"The river's kicking like a steer . . . run out the forward
sweep!
"That's Hell-gate Canyon right ahead; I know of old its
roar,
"And . . . I'll be damned! *the ice is jammed!* We've got
to make the shore."

With one wild leap I gripped the sweep. The night was
black as sin.
The float-ice crashed and ripped and smashed, and stunned
us with its din.
And near and near, and clear and clear I heard the canyon
boom;

And swift and strong we swept along to meet our awful doom.

And as with dread I glimpsed ahead the death that waited there,

My only thought was of the girl, the little Julie Claire;
And so, like demon mad with fear, I panted at the oar,
And foot by foot, and inch by inch, we worked the raft ashore.

The bank was staked with grinding ice, and as we scraped and crashed,

I only knew one thing to do, and through my mind it flashed:

Yet while I groped to find the rope, I heard Bill's savage cry:

"That's my job, lad! It's me that jumps. I'll snub this raft or die!"

I saw him leap, I saw him creep, I saw him gain the land;
I saw him crawl, I saw him fall, then run with rope in hand.

And then the darkness gulped him up, and down we dashed once more,

And nearer, nearer drew the jam, and thunder-like its roar.

Oh God! all's lost . . . from Julie Claire there came a wail of pain,

And then—the rope grew sudden taut, and quivered at the strain;

It slacked and slipped, it whined and gripped, and oh, I held my breath!

And there we hung and there we swung right in the jaws of death.

A little strand of hempen rope, and how I watched it there,

With all around a hell of sound, and darkness and despair;

A little strand of hempen rope, I watched it all alone,

And somewhere in the dark behind I heard a woman moan;

And somewhere in the dark ahead I heard a man cry out,
Then silence, silence, silence fell, and mocked my hollow
shout.

And yet once more from out the shore I heard that cry of
pain,
A moan of mortal agony, then all was still again.

That night was hell with all the frills, and when the dawn
broke dim,

I saw a lean and level land, but never sign of him.

I saw a flat and frozen shore of hideous device,

I saw a long-drawn strand of rope that vanished through
the ice,

And on that treeless, rockless shore I found my partner
—dead.

No place was there to snub the raft, so—he had served in-
stead;

And with the rope lashed round his waist, in last defiant
fight,

He'd thrown himself beneath the ice, that closed and
gripped him tight;

And there he'd held us back from death, as fast in death
he lay . . .

Say, boys! I'm not the pious brand, but—I just tried to
pray.

And then I looked to Julie Claire, and sore abashed
was I,

For from the robes that covered her, I—heard—a—baby
—cry . . .

Thus was Love conqueror of death, and life for life was
given;

And though no saint on earth, d'ye think Bill's squared
hissself with Heaven?

Robert W. Service.

From "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone,"
Copyright, 1912,
Dodd, Mead and Company.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

A man stakes everything on one swift effort and either wins or loses. A mother struggling for the good of her child is engaged in a battle which fluctuates through a whole lifetime.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or braver pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men,

But deep in a woman's walled-up heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
Lo! there in that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Joaquin Miller.

From "Complete Poetical Works,"
Harr Wagner Publishing Co.

THEY ONLY LIVE WHO DARE

STAND upright! speak thy thoughts! declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share!
Be bold! proclaim it everywhere!
They only live who dare.

Lewis Morris.

A PRAYER

Most of us shirk all the difficulties, all the opposition we can. The wiser among us know that in many respects these are things to be sought rather than shirked. The goddess Hera hated a certain hero, persecuted him, set him what seemed impossible tasks. He bore it all valiantly, became great and famous through overcoming the perils she thought would crush him. His very name, Hercules, means *renowned through Hera*.

L ORD, let me live like a Regular Man,
With Regular friends and true;
Let me play the game on a Regular plan
And play it that way all through;
Let me win or lose with a Regular smile
And never be known to whine,
For that is a "Regular Fellow's" style
And I want to make it mine!

Oh, give me a Regular chance in life,
The same as the rest, I pray,
And give me a Regular Girl for wife
To help me along the way;
Let us know the lot of humanity,
Its Regular woes and joys,
And raise a Regular family
Of Regular girls and boys!

Let me live to a Regular good old age,
With Regular snow-white hair,
Having done my labor and earned my wage
And played my game for fair;
And so at last when the people scan
My face on its peaceful bier,
They'll say, "Well, he was a Regular Man!"
And drop a Regular tear!

Berton Braley.

From "Things As They Are,"
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George H. Doran Co., Publishers.

THE WINNER

"Expende Hannibalem," it used to be said; "weigh Hannibal and see wherein he is greater than other men." Not in mere physique, not in the chemical elements which formed his body. In the spirit which animated him and drove him on to unresting activity. Once a boy was so fond of tinkering with machinery that for pure love of it he would repair all the watches and clocks in the countryside. His father, believing such application not good for his health, forbade him to go out at night and do such work. But the boy would slip off after his father was asleep and would spend hours repairing some dilapidated time-piece. Nor did these night labors prevent him from toiling on the farm the next day. Here, surely, was a spirit that would not be denied. The name of the boy was Henry Ford.

THE cove who never kids himself,
Who looks at facts without a frown,
Who knows that life is full of knots,
And not a bed of eiderdown—
Who does his stuff against the breaks,
Unmindful of the yapping throng,
With little time for alibis—
Will get along.

The cove who knows the uphill road
Is better training for the fray
Than sliding into quick renown
Along the somewhat softer way—
Who throws self-pity to the gales
And knows that life is mostly fight,
Who chirps, "What of it?" in defeat—
Will do all right.

The bloke who knows the world is rough,
And not a clover bed of rest;
Who takes his fortune as it comes
And promptly counters with his best—
Who slogs along through fogs of doubt,
Fear, pain and envy and despair,
With clear eyes fixed upon the goal—
Will get somewhere.

The bloke who chucks aside pretense
And stands four-square with what he has,
Who still can take a sock or two,
Nor crumble up before the razz—
Who doesn't sour on the scrap
Because his luck is badly frayed,
But plays the game out to the turn—
Will make the grade.

Grantland Rice.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Spotlight."

PRETTY GOOD SCHEMES

Only two women lived in the village, and they had a quarrel. "You ought to feel mean," said one to the other—"there ain't another woman in the village that likes you." Perhaps under the circumstances some pulling together might have been better than pulling apart.

IT'S a pretty good scheme to be cheery, and sing as you follow the road, for a good many pilgrims are weary, and hopelessly carry the load; their hearts from the journey are breaking, and a rod seems to them like a mile; and it may be the noise you are making will hearten them up for a while. It's a pretty good scheme in your joking, to cut out the jest that's unkind, for the barbed kind of fun you are poking, some fellow may carry in mind; and a good many hearts have been broken, a good many hearts fond and true, by words that were carelessly spoken by alecky fellows like you. It's a pretty good scheme to be doing some choring around while you can; for the gods with their gifts are pursuing the earnest industrious man; and those gods, in their own El Dorado, are laying up wrath for the one who loafs all the day in the shadow, while others toil, out in the sun.

Walt Mason.

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THE SERVICE

We may have influence even where we cannot have victory. An amazed gentleman saw a boy climbing a tree to capture a bird. The intended victim simply flew to another tree. But the boy followed it, and later followed it to yet another refuge. "My lad," said the gentleman, "you can't catch that bird by climbing." "No," replied the boy, "but I can worry it like everything."

I WAS the third man running in a race,
And memory still must run it o'er and o'er :
The pounding heart that beat against my frame ;
The wind that dried the sweat upon my face
And turned my throat to paper creased and sore ;
The jabbing pain that sharply went and came.

My eyes saw nothing save a strip of road
That flaunted there behind the second man ;
It swam and blurred, yet still it lay before.
My legs seemed none of mine, but rhythmic strode
Unconscious of my will that urged, "You can !"
And cried at them to make one effort more.

Then suddenly there broke a wave of sound,—
Crowds shouting when the first man struck the tape ;
And then the second roused that friendly din ;
While I—I stumbled forward and the ground
All wavered 'neath my feet, while men agape,
But silent, saw me as I staggered in.

As sick in heart and flesh I bent my head,
Two seized me and embraced me, and one cried,
"Your thudding footsteps held me to the grind."
And then the winner, smiling wanly, said,
"No dream of records kept me to my stride—
I dreaded you two thundering behind !"

Burges Johnson.

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A GLANCE AT HISTORY

"There is very little success where there is little laughter." Such was the opinion of Andrew Carnegie. A cheerful disposition is, in truth, one of the elements of success. In a sense it itself is success, for by means of a smile it can soften defeat or make the sting of death bearable. Whistler, the future artist, when a cadet at West Point, though he stood at the head of his class in drawing, was so poor in chemistry that he had to be dismissed from the institution. It was a sad blow to him, but he did not repine. Years afterward he remarked whimsically: "Had silicon been a gas, I would have been a major-general."

CHARLES THE FIRST, with stately walk, made the journey to the block. As he paced the street along, silence fell upon the throng; from that throng there burst a sigh, for a king was come to die! Charles upon the scaffold stood, in his veins no craven blood; calm, serene, he viewed the crowd, while the headsman said, aloud: "Cheer up, Charlie! Smile and sing! Death's a most delightful thing! I will cure your hacking cough, when I chop your headpiece off! Headache, toothache—they're a bore! You will never have them more! Cheer up, Charlie, dance and yell! Here's the axe, and all is well! I, though but a humble dub, represent the Sunshine Club, and our motto is worth while: 'Do Not Worry—Sing and Smile!' Therefore let us both be gay, as we do our stunt to-day; I to swing the shining axe, you to take a few swift whacks. Lumpty-doodle, lumpty-ding, do not worry, smile and sing!"

Walt Mason.

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THE BRAVE MAN

THE brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the dangers nature shrinks from.

Joanna Baillie.

THE SOUL'S SPRING CLEANING

In what Carlyle calls "the annual earthquake of housecleaning" our mental and moral, as well as our domiciliary, furnishings should be shaken, dusted, and if need be, replaced. Even the most stupendous and original genius may fall in some respects into intellectual torpor. Napoleon, on the French side of the English channel, was fretting and fuming because he could not transport his army to British soil. He was told that an American wished to speak with him about a new idea. "Tell the American I can give him two minutes." But two minutes were not enough for even Napoleon to grasp the revolutionary idea of a ship propelled by steam rather than by sails. Had he listened longer to Robert Fulton, the history of mankind might have been altered.

YES, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snow-bank from yer heart.
Yes, w'en spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster an' the broom,
But rake yer foggy notions down,
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep ol' idees out with the dust,
An' dress yer soul in newer style;
Scrape from yer min' its wornout crust,
An' dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn an' smart,
Bring in new loves serene an' pure,
Aroun' the herthstone of the heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out yer morril cubby-holes,
Sweep out the dirt, scrape off the scum;
'Tis cleanin' time for healthy souls—
Git up an' dust! The spring hez come!
Clean out the corners of the brain,
Bear down with scrubbin'-brush an' soap,
'An' dump ol' Fear into the rain,
An' dust a cozy chair for Hope.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish-hole,
Soak ev'ry cranny, great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul
Hang pootier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the winders of the mind,
Clean up, an' let the spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind,
An' let the April sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade an' blossom trees,
An' let the soul once froze an' hard
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.
Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snow-banks from yer heart!

Sam Walter Foss.

From "Whiffs from Wild Meadows,"
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

I WOULD BE TRUE

I WOULD be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift.
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

Howard Arnold Walter.

THE BATTLE-FIELD

To fight for your country, on one heroic day or through one heroic year, is glorious. To fight for truth and right, without any cessation, is even more glorious. Such a fight must end in ultimate victory. But meanwhile the outlook will often be dark and a many-weaponed throng will "hang on thy front, and flank, and rear." However magnanimous your spirit, you must expect to have enemies. If you have none, it will be because you are struggling for nothing worth while. William Rockhill Nelson, the famous editor of the *Kansas City Star*, was once asked whether he would not like to carry to bed with him at night the thought that he had not a single enemy. "No, no," he replied, "if I thought *that*, I wouldn't sleep a wink."

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain,
Men start not at the battle-cry;
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou,
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.

A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand the sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

William Cullen Bryant.

STRONG HEARTS

STRONG hearts within the present live,
The future veiled, the past forgot;
Grasping what *is* with hands of steel,
They bind what *shall be* to their will.

Lewis Morris.

IF I WERE A MAN, A YOUNG MAN

We can all have tenderness and sympathy, we can all have vision, we can all have buoyant and resolute purpose. Do we?

IF I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know to-day,

I would look in the eyes of Life undaunted
By any Fate that might threaten me.

I would give to the world what the world most wanted—
Manhood that knows it can do and be;
Courage that dares, and faith that can see
Clear into the depths of the human soul,
And find God there, and the ultimate goal,

If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know to-day.

If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know to-day,

I would think of myself as the masterful creature
Of all the Masterful plan;

The Formless Cause, with form and feature;
The Power that heeds not limit or ban;
Man, wonderful man.

I would do good deeds, and forget them straightway;
I would weave my woes into ropes and climb

Up to the heights of the helper's gateway;
And Life should serve me, and Time,
And I would sail out, and out, and find
The treasures that lie in the deep sea, Mind.

I would dream, and think, and act;
I would work, and love, and pray,
Till each dream and vision grew into a fact,

If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know to-day.

If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know to-day,

I would guard my passions as Kings guard treasures,

And keep them high and clean.
(For the will of a man, with his passions, measures ;
It is strong as they are keen.)
I would think of each woman as some one's mother ;
I would think of each man as my own blood brother,
And speed him along on his way.
And the glory of life in this wonderful hour
Should fill me and thrill me with Conscious power,
If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know
to-day.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

From "Poems of Optimism,"
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

MOTHER O' MINE

"All that I am or hope to be," said Abraham Lincoln, "I owe to my mother."

IF I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Rudyard Kipling.

From the Dedication in
"The Light That Failed."

TRY, TRY AGAIN

When a cowboy has lassoed and captured a wild horse on the plains, he faces the still harder problem of getting it to the corral, miles away. For this purpose he not infrequently leaves it tied until he can bring a burro to the place. Then he takes a short strap containing a swivel, fastens one end around the neck of the horse and the other around the neck of the burro, and turns the two animals loose. The donkey, though far inferior in strength, braces himself with his legs and resists stubbornly when the horse is going away from the corral. He jogs along placidly when the horse is going toward the corral. Sooner or later his persistence conquers and he brings his more powerful captive home to his master.

'TIS a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
Try, try again.

T. H. Palmer.

THE BROKEN PINION

A man with a peg leg learned to walk on polished hardwood floors by attaching a nail to the end of the leg and so preventing himself from slipping. It was, to be sure, an effective device. All the same he was a less satisfactory visitor than if his leg had been of flesh and bone.

I WALKED through the woodland meadow
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And touched with a Christlike pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND

Mark Twain declared that people talk a great deal about the weather, but nobody does anything. Our appreciation of our fellows' qualities and achievements is often similarly inactive. We ourselves feel it; but we say nothing about it, give it no tangible and encouraging form.

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him! Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it! Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it! Do not let the seeker
Bow before its God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them! And by kindly sharing
Own our kinship in the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it! 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.

There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so! Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them! Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Anonymous.

VALIANT REDRESS

Diogenes went about with his lantern seeking for a man.
He would not have found him in the fellow who cries because
he is hurt or quits because of a setback.

WISE men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?

William Shakespeare.

THE MAN WHO BRINGS UP THE REAR END

It is not always the conspicuous who deserve the most praise. "Any man can work," said Henry Ward Beecher, "when every stroke of his hand brings down the fruit rattling from the tree to the ground; but to labor in season and out of season, under every discouragement, by the power of truth . . . that requires a heroism which is transcendent."

FOLKS watch the drum major and say "see him come!"
And the fellow who plays on the fife,
And the rub-a-dub man who beats the big drum,
And the bugler who blows for dear life.
They go with the music; they march with the noise;
For the chief in the van they all hunt,
There is smiling of maidens and shouting of boys,
And cheering of men—in the front.
But there's never a cheer that gladdens the ear,
Nor the shout of a brother or friend,
For the mud splattered man who has dropped from the van,
For the man who brings up the rear end.
Not a bravo is heard, not a word, not a word,
As they see him stub on round the bend;
Not a cheer from the churls, not a smile from the girls,
For the man who brings up the rear end!

There are shouts for the victor whose name like a star,
Rose red from the hot clouds of fame,
Thro' the battle smoke of a lurid war,
To climb up the heaven of fame.
And his ears are beset with a tumult of tongues,
That prate of the danger he braved,
With a chorus of praise from the lusty lungs
Of the men of the land he saved.
But I sing of the man who has dropped from the van,
From the front he could never defend,
Who could never await the harsh volleys of fate—
The man who brings up the rear end!
Then a good strong shout in the rear of the rout,
And the brotherly cheer of a friend;

A cheer that shall start from the core of the heart,
For the man who brings up the rear end.

And who are the men who bring up the rear end?

The laggards too weak to be great?

Time's water-logged timber too rotten to mend?

Abortions and weaklings of fate?

Not so: There are poets whose songs are unsung,

And singers of wonderful tone,

Reformers whose thunderous words might have stung

To the roots of a tottering throne!

Then shout your huzzas and your loudest hurrahs,

Until the loud welkin shall rend;

Let your loud plaudits grace the world-weary face

Of the man who brings up the rear end!

Then shout without fear for the man in the rear,

Let your heaven-scaling plaudits ascend!

Cry aloud! cry aloud! you men there in the crowd!

For the man who brings up the rear end!

There are plebeian souls who sit on a throne,

And Kings who wear never a crown;

There are long-gowned priests who are devils unknown,

And saints in the frock of the clown;

There are hearts that are black 'neath the King's purple
vest,

And white 'neath the swain's drilling frock,

And the laborer's coat may be armor the best

For meeting adversity's shock.

Then a cheer and a roar, and three cheers more,

For the man most in need of a friend;

Good cheer for the man who has dropped from the van,

The man who brings up the rear end!

Then shout your cheer right into his ear,

Let your voices in unity blend;

One loud, long shout in the rear of the rout,

For the man who brings up the rear end!

Sam Walter Foss.

From "Back Country Poems,"
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

Irvin Cobb tells a story of a skilful chef who lost his life in a hotel fire. Some of the people to whose appetites he had ministered decided to set up a monument to him, and on this monument they wished to have an inscription which should suggest his occupation, commend his fidelity, indicate the manner of his death, and include some appropriate sentiment from the Scriptures. But to state so many things would require more words than there was room for. The difficulty was at length overcome when somebody remarked that everything could be compressed into a single brief sentence: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

SUPERINTENDINT was Flannigan;
Boss av th' siction wuz Finnigin;
Whiniver th' cyars got off th' track
An' muddled up things t' th' divvle an' back,
Finnigin writ it t' Flannigan,
Afther th' wrick wuz on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furrst writ t' Flannigan,
He writed tin pa-ages, did Finnigin;
An' he towld just how th' wrick occurred—
Yis, minny a tajus, blundherin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write t' Flannigan
Afther th' cyars had gone on agin—
That's th' way Finnigin
Repoorted t' Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan.
An' ut wore 'm clane an' complately out
T' tell what Finnigin writ about
In 's writin' t' Musther Flannigan.
So he writed this back. "Musther Finnigin:—
Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this frum Flannigan
 He blushed rosy-rid, did Finnigin;
 An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pay
 That ut'll be minny an' minny a day
 Befure sup'rintindint—that's Flannigan—
 Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.
 Frum Finnigin to Flannigan
 Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan day on th' siction av Finnigin,
 On th' road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
 A ra-aíl give way on a bit av a curve
 An' some cyars wint off as they made th' shwerrve.
 "They's nobody hurrtd," says Finnigin,
 "But repoorts must be made t' Flannigan."
 An' he winked at McGorrigan,
 As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
 As minny a railroader's been agin,
 An' 'is shmoky ol' lamp wuz burrnin' bright
 In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
 Bilin' down 's repoort, wuz Finnigan.
 An' he writed this here: "Musther Flannigan:—
 Off agin, on agin,
 Gone agin.—Finnigin."

Strickland Gillilan.

From "Including Finnigin,"
 Forbes & Co.

INFLUENCE

THIS learned I from the shadow of a tree,
 Which, to and fro, did sway against a wall:
 Our shadow-selves, our influence, may fall
 Where we can never be.

A. E. Hamilton.

COMPULSION

No man likes to have his nose forever pressed against the grindstone. But the very necessity to hustle is the surest guarantee that we will put forth a real effort. And in the unabated exercise of our powers lies happiness.

SERENITY'S fine if not born of sloth;
Cheer's good if not cheer and complacency both.
Give us the peace of those who strive,
The tranquillity that's tense and alive.
Compulsion and prodding and buffets and knocks
Bring bliss—that's the truth, though a paradox.
When we have been set an imperative goal,
We struggle toward it—with a placid soul.

You may doubt if you will, and you may scoff,
But the man hard pushed is the man well off.
If you've almost been fired, if you're harried by debt,
You'll take interest in life—you'll get up and *get!*
What man has most joy? He who shakes the dust
Of idleness from him because he must.
He's chased in a field by a masculine cow
And gasps: "Good Lord! I am happy now."

It's a glorious race! The bull he paws
And bellows and menaces, jabbars and jaws,
And then he *starts*; and the man starts too,
For loitering around's not the thing to do.
It's a desperate game of nip and tuck;
The man prays for speed and wind and luck—
He pants, with the bull one jump behind:
"My specialty's content of mind."

He's helped along by the excellent chance
Those horns will make ribbons out of his pants
And mincemeat out of what flesh may remain
When he's beaten to pulp of the finest grain.

But he'd hate to be millinery, hate to be steaks,
Or newspapers either; so his leg he shakes.
He's blithe as he burns wind, grass, and grit,
And he chirps: "I'm assuredly doing my bit."

With thundering hoof, with outstretched tail,
Hot breath, horns ready to impale,
The bull comes on. And the man he *goes*,
And whether he'll make it nobody knows.
But the thing I'm trying to get expressed
Is this: That man will do his best.
The fence is two long miles away,
And he runs like hell—but his heart is gay.

St. Clair Adams.

RECIPE FOR SANITY

ARE you worsted in a fight?
Laugh it off.
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedy of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?
Laugh it off.
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after
There's no recipe like laughter—
Laugh it off.

Henry Rutherford Elliot.

AN OBSTACLE

Prejudices do not harmonize with constructive work. They are like the notes of the young vocalist to whom her teacher despairingly exclaimed: "Ach, Gott! Never have I heard such a voice. I blay on der vite keys and I blay on der black keys, but you sing in der cracks."

I WAS climbing up a mountain-path
With many things to do,
Important business of my own,
And other people's too,
When I ran against a Prejudice
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed,
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load,
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by—
He smiled, but as for moving!—
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
My time was short—no other path—
The mountain winds were cool—
I argued like a Solomon,
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,
I danced and howled and swore,
I pelted and belabored him
Till I was stiff and sore;

He got as mad as I did—
But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees—
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill-will—
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!

So I sat before him helpless,
In an ecstasy of woe—
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow—
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair,
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air—
And I walked directly through him,
As if he wasn't there!

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

From "In This Our World,"
Small, Maynard & Co.

SOMEBODY

SOMEBODY did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought "'Tis sweet to live";
Somebody said "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that "somebody" you?

Anonymous.

HE WHISTLED

Whoever blows a tune out of his lips blows a sorrow out of his life.

WHEN craps wuz burnt to flinders,
An' not a rain in sight,
He opened all the winders
An' whistled in the light—
Jest whistled
An' whistled,
Like that 'ud make things bright.

When mortgages wuz growin',
Like weeds by day an' night,
He kep' right on a-hoein'
An' whistled in the light—
Jest whistled
An' whistled,
Like that 'ud make things bright.

In sowin' time or reapin',
In wrong as well as right,
When shadders come a-creepin',
He whistled fer the light—
Jest whistled
An' whistled,
Like that 'ud make things bright.

Somehow he'd hear bells ringin'
Fer all the night an' day,
An' still the birds kep' singin'
When blue skies turned to gray.
He whistled,
Jest whistled
The rocky world away.

Frank L. Stanton.

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CRISES

The few great crises that come to a man are the test of the fiber of his soul. He may have been seemingly big, and yet now in his frantic and irrational actions may show himself fundamentally a coward. On the other hand, he may have seemed insignificant, and yet now may tower up like a giant by the way he takes defeat. When a ship is sinking, the real heroes—the men with steel in their souls—stand out. After every financial crash, most of the cowards have absconded or blown their brains out. Yet a small property-holder sees everything he owns burned with his house, and before the ashes are cold he is planning to build again. The routine of life has represented him falsely; the crisis has proved him a hero.

WE lead out our days in monotonous ways,
The humdrum of work and sleep;
Time slips along; no thrill in the song;
There's not even reason to weep.
Then like a flash there comes a crash—
We're stunned by the buffet Fate gives;
In the blackness and blur we feel the Soul stir—
And that is the moment one lives.
When disaster beats round, the true men are
found;
And cowards are marked with a brand.
They whimper and whine, they cringe and repine
At the whip-lash Fate holds in her hand.
The brave struggle on though chasms may yawn,
And midnight's unlit by a star;
How you face defeat in the crises you meet—
That measures the man you are.
All through the years there are laughs and tears,
But they in the end are the same.
A moment of life in the midst of the strife
Is worth ages of watching the game.
With despair in your heart, if you still played
your part,
Though bloody and beaten and sore,
If your Soul flamed white in a hopeless fight,
The world will ask for no more.

Joseph Morris.

SONNET ON CHILLON

Chillon is a castle in the Lake of Geneva. This sonnet forms the introduction to "The Prisoner of Chillon", a poem on Bonnivard's long imprisonment in the castle. Though Byron had many faults, he was an ardent, even an indignant, champion of liberty.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Lord Byron.

HOPE

HOPE, of all passions, most befriends us here,
Passions of prouder name befriend us less,
Joy has her tears; and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenest;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame, and vigor to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! a chastis'd delight!
Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below!

Edward Young.

FORGIVENESS

A man journeying into the desert must not carry useless baggage.

MY heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul
wrong;

So, turning gloomily from my fellowmen,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among

The green mounds of the village burial-place;
Where, pondering how all human love and
hate

Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened
face,

And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none
depart,

Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I
forgave!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

HEART-REST

THE heart of man, walk in which way it will,
Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valleys amongst tinkling flocks,
Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections,—still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
And pleasant to behold.

Sir Henry Taylor.

IF WE KNEW

The kindness we mean to show to-morrow cures no heart-aches to-day.

IF we knew the woe and heartache
That awaits us on the road;
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er may be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of baby fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along the backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For the reaping by and by.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced birds have flown;
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from the way.

May Riley Smith.

TO-MORROW

TO-MORROW'S action! can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow!
The fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward and the fool, condemned to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect.
Strange that this general fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches, undetected!
The soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

Samuel Johnson.

From "Irene."

LYRIC OF ACTION

This poem exhorts us not to let the sense of past failure paralyze us from further effort. Even though our course has been one of folly or guilt, we may yet win success as shining as the brightness of the archangel Uriel who is spoken of in Revelation XIX, 17, as "standing in the sun". With a will that defies circumstance, we must break the fetters of fear and start afresh. At the beginning of the Civil War the career of Ulysses S. Grant, a man at that time thirty-nine years old, had been such that he was regarded as a failure. In 1820 Charles Lamb, baffled successively in his efforts to write novels, poems, plays, criticisms that the public would read, was a mere clerk in the East India House. Yet Grant achieved a world-wide reputation as a general, and Lamb as an author. A vigorous start counts for much, but not for everything. A vigorous and courageous persistence, maintained amid discouragements and rebuffs, counts for infinitely more.

'TIS the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead:
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the great heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can re-bloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies,

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
From his throne to life's nethermost fires,
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may
gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then, up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is won!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

BREATHES THERE A MAN

Edward Everett Hale makes effective use of this passage in his story *The Man Without a Country*. The central character of the story, Philip Nolan, had, when charged with implication in Burr's conspiracy, declared with an oath that he wished he might never again hear the name of the United States. He was sentenced to semi-confinement on a man-of-war, and every precaution was taken that no word or symbol should ever remind him of his country. One day in reading aloud to some officers a new poem by Walter Scott he stumbled upon this passage. The scene which followed is one of the most tense and unforgettable scenes in Hale's story.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE WHISTLER

"One of the worst pests is the dinged fool who whistles in public places, street cars, busses, etc., to the annoyance of every one around him. A licking is none too good for him." *A Letter to the Editor.*

WHISTLE, old chap; you just go on and
whistle;

Never you fret about kickers like him;
Your heart's as light as the down of a thistle;
Who cares if grumblers are grouchy and
grim?

Go on and whistle; don't mind what they say to
you;

Most of us thrill to your message of cheer;
Fortune is good and the world's looking gay to
you?

Go on and whistle; it's pleasant to hear!
Whistle, man, whistle—as light as a thistle;
Go on and whistle; it's bully to hear!

Whistle, old fellow; you go on and whistle;
What do we care if you sharp or you flat?
Let the old bachelors burble and bristle;
Who gives a whoop for such people as
that?

Go on and whistle—it proves there is Boy in
you.

Youth that has lasted for many a year,
Give us the notes of the fun and the joy in you;
Go on and whistle; it's pleasant to hear;
Whistle, man, whistle, as light as a thistle;
Go on and whistle—it's bully to hear!

Whistle, old chap—you just go on and whistle;
Give us your flutings of popular airs;
Whistle in spite of the grouches who bristle;
Whistle away all our worries and cares;

Something there is of the troubadour clan in
you
Warming our hearts with your melodies
clear;
Toil is forgot as we hark to the Pan in you;
Go on and whistle—it's pleasant to hear;
Whistle, man, whistle—as light as a thistle;
Go on and whistle—it's bully to hear!

Berton Braley.

From "Things As They Are,"
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THE ROAD

The man who wastes to-day lamenting yesterday will waste
to-morrow lamenting to-day.

HEAVE no sigh for things undone,
For the prize you might have won;
Don't bewail the yester-sun;
All your yesterdays are gone—
Gone!

Are you ready for to-day?
Roads are stretching far away;
You will stumble, you will stray,
You will have to pay your way—
Pay!

Mate thy staff and guide thy star;
Bush or stone be not thy bar;
How we fight is what we are;
Let your aim be onward far—
Far!

Philip M. Raskin.

From "When a Soul Sings,"
Thomas Seltzer & Co.

ROOM!

A sea-captain who steered amid straits and reefs when the wide ocean lay before him, would be thought insane. Yet the man who makes his spiritual voyages in cramped, shallow channels, do we not regard him as normal and prudent?

I WILL hew great spaces for my soul,
Hours of majesty, aisles of beauty;
Out of the solid universe will I hew them
That my perishing soul may pass through them,
That my passionate spirit have room to grow,
That the mind of me may not suffer so,
That I faint not here 'mid the pitiful round of duty—
I will hew great spaces, marvelous places, for my
soul.

I will hew great paths for my soul,
Out of the shining ether, keen as quicksilver, solid
as steel,
To know what the Void may reveal.
My soul that is shrivelling here on earth
Must have fresh birth.
That the claims of earth may not bind me,
That death may not find me,
I will hew great spaces, huge places of life for my
soul.

I will seek me a way no man has trod,
I will blaze new trails to the heart of God.
That my soul may walk wider ways than earth,
My soul and the souls of the world—
I will challenge the Void where the secrets of life
are furled,
I will cleave new paths, that all may have fresh birth.

I will hew great windows for my soul,
Channels of splendor, portals of release;
Out of earth's prison walls will I hew them,
That my thundering soul may push through them;
Through stratas of human strife and passion
I will tunnel a way, I will carve and fashion

With the might of my soul's intensity
Windows fronting immensity,
Towering out of Time.
I will breathe the air of another clime
That my spirit's pain may cease.
That the *being* of me have room to grow,
That my eyes may meet God's eyes and know,
I will hew great windows, wonderful windows,
measureless windows, for my soul.

I will weave great melodies for my soul,
Storms of harmony, hurricanes of feeling;
Out of the cosmic rhythm will I choir them,
Infinity's breath shall inspire them
And chorusing orbs in their wheeling.
That the sadness of earth may not 'numb me
And grief overcome me,
Here where terror and strife abound
I will mount and mount on wings of sound:
I will soar on symphonies of might,
Lifted and carried
Where whirlwinds are married
To challenge the worlds in their flight.
That earth may hear and rejoice
I will summon the stars for their voice;
I will marshal the music of manifold spheres,
I will capture the chords of the thundering years,
From the course where Aldebaran runs
I will summon the suns.

I will range the abysm from sun to sod,
Spaces ringing and singing with God,
To the uttermost bounds of being,
Past earthly sense and seeing,
Till my passionate spirit has found at last
A splendid place in the splendid vast.
I, I, the immeasurable I, greater than suns or stars
or spaces,
Born of Creation's boundless places,
I, who am perishing here on earth,

I will rend my way to a larger birth.
Fetters and bars, I will shout my way through them;
Planets and stars, like chaff will I strew them.
That my spirit may hugely survive,
For I am alive, alive!

Angela Morgan.

Permission of the Author
From "The Hour Has Struck,"
Dodd, Mead & Co.

ON FILE

Human nature should contain a cemetery for unkindness
and a graveyard for grudges.

IF an unkind word appears,
File the thing away.
If some novelty in jeers,
File the thing away.
If some clever little bit
Of a sharp and pointed wit,
Carrying a sting with it—
File the thing away.

If some bit of gossip come,
File the thing away.
Scandalously spicy crumb,
File the thing away.
If suspicion comes to you
That your neighbor isn't true
Let me tell you what to do—
File the thing away.

Do this for a little while,
Then go out and burn the file.

John Kendrick Bangs.

From "Songs of Cheer."
Permission of the Author's Estate.

THE LAST WORD

If a man has to perish, he may at least fall, as Crockett did
at the Alamo, with a circle of dead foes about him.

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd.
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

Matthew Arnold,

POINT OF VIEW

WHEN earth seems dark with envy
And hate and greed and wars,
Remember—to the distant
Inhabitant of Mars
It flames upon their vision
A star among the stars!

Mary Sinton Leitch.

From "The Waggon and the Star,"
B. J. Brimmer Company.

THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM

The man who knows not fear for himself may feel it in behalf of another. His love for wife or parent or child may be as the heel of Achilles, may make him vulnerable when otherwise no wound could hurt him. But to be apprehensive when those dear to us are threatened is not shameful. On the contrary, it is noble.

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son; it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire,
In face and gesture. From infancy, the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length,
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot,
He felt in all its bitterness: the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and
touched
His jailer with compassion; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence, that in every wound
Dropped healing. But, in this terrific hour,
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,
He came. The iron door was closed—for them

Never to open more! The day, the night
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by: nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state.

On his low couch
The fettered soldier sank, and, with deep awe,
Listened the fearful sounds: with upturned eye,
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then, strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,
Like the sad moanings of November's wind,
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now, on his couch he shrunk
And shivered as in fear; now, upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

He slept, at last,
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine—and was dark:

Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear.

With intensest awe,
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting; and the massive walls,
Heard harshly grate and strain: yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless
wound

Fate had already given.—Where, man of woe!
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou call'st
His name in vain:—he cannot answer thee.

Loudly the father called upon his child:
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste
Trode round his stunted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth:—no child was there.
Again he called: again, at farthest stretch
Of his accursèd fetters, till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed, he strained with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!
Yet still renewed: still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy.

Mad frenzy fires him now.
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage:
And, like a desert lion in the snare,
Raging to break his toils,—to and fro bounds.

But see! the ground is opening; a blue light
Mounts, gently waving,—noiseless;—thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its luster, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child! his dress is singed,
And, o'er his face serene, a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,
And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell
That instant on him:—speechless—fixed—he stood,
And with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed,—and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale
The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:—
The thunders bellow;—but he hears them not:—
The ground lifts like a sea;—he knows it not:—
The strong walls grind and gape:—the vaulted roof
Takes shape like bubble tossing in the wind;
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves toward the father's outstretched arm his boy.
Once he has touched his garment:—how his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha, see! he has him now!—he clasps him round;
Kisses his face; puts back the curling locks,
That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes;
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands;
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping; and resigned, awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift
And pangless. The huge pile sank down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation stones—all—mingling—fell!

Edwin Atherstone.

DOORS OF DARING

There is that in human nature which resents the setting of limits. The Atlantic was uncrossable; Columbus crossed it. The North Pole was unattainable; Peary attained it. The air was inviolate; the Wright brothers conquered its sanctities. The Panama zone was uninhabitable for white men; Gorgas exterminated the mosquito and thereby banished yellow fever. Mt. Everest is still unscaled; but its immunity has been challenged and some day will be overcome.

THE mountains that inclose the vale
With walls of granite, steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
"Push out, set sail, explore!"

The bars of life at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring, set
Ajar before the soul.

Say not, "Too poor," but freely give;
Sigh not, "Too weak," but boldly try;
You never can begin to live
Until you dare to die.

Henry van Dyke.

From "Poems of Henry van Dyke,"
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COMPENSATION

To have aspired highly is the surest consolation of defeat.

BECAUSE I craved a gift too great
For any prayer of mine to bring,
To-day with empty hands I go;
Yet must my heart rejoice to know
I did not ask a lesser thing.

Because the goal I sought lay far
In cloud-hid heights, to-day my soul
Goes unaccompanied of its own;
Yet this shall comfort me alone,
I did not seek a nearer goal.

O gift ungained, O goal unwon!
Still am I glad, remembering this,
For all I go unsatisfied,
I have kept faith with joy denied,
Nor cheated life with cheaper bliss.

Theodosia Garrison.

From "The Earth Cry,"
Mitchell Kennerley.

PROCRASTINATION

SHUN delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee,
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their faults lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to naught;
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Robert Southwell.

TO THE MEN OF KENT

Kent is in southeastern England, the shire nearest the continent. This sonnet was written when Napoleon was gathering forces for an invasion.

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before;—
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore;—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

William Wordsworth.

INFLUENCE

DROP a pebble in the water,
And its ripples reach out far;
And the sunbeams dancing on them
May reflect them to a star.

Give a smile to some one passing,
Thereby make his morning glad;
It may greet you in the evening
When your own heart may be sad.

Do a deed of simple kindness;
Though its end you may not see,
It may reach, like widening ripples,
Down a long eternity.

Joseph Morris.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

Kindness postponed is neglect.

IF I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Belle E. Smith.

TO THE MAN WHO FAILS

"Human virtue," said Robert E. Lee, "should be equal to human calamity." By his upright and constructive course after the war he proved that it could.

LET others sing to the hero who wins in the ceaseless
fray,
Who, over the crushed and fallen, pursueth his upward
way;
For him let them weave the laurel, to him be their pæan
sung,
Whom the kindly fates have chosen, who are happy their
loved among;
But mine be a different message, some soul in its stress
to reach;
To bind, o'er the wound of failure, the balm of pitying
speech;
To whisper: "Be up and doing, for courage at last
prevails"—
I sing—who have supped with Failure—I sing to the
man who fails.

I know how the gray cloud darkens, and mantles the soul
in gloom;
I know how the spirit hearkens to voices of doubt or of
doom;
I know how the tempter mutters his terrible word,
"Despair!"
But the heart has its secret chamber, and I know that
our God is there.
Our years are as moments only; our failures He counts
as naught;
The stone that the builders rejected, perchance is the
one that He sought.
Mayhap, in the ultimate judgment, the effort alone avails,
And the laurel of great achievement shall be for the man
who fails.

We sow in the darkness only; but the Reaper shall reap
in light;
'And the day of His perfect glory shall tell of the deeds
of the night.
We gather our gold, and store it, and the whisper is
heard "Success!"
But, tell me, ye cold, white sleepers, what were an
achievement less?
We struggle for fame, and win it; and, lo! like a fleeting
breath,
It is lost in the realm of silence, whose ruler and king
is Death.
Where are the Norseland heroes, the ghosts of a house-
wife's tales?
I sing—for the Father heeds him—I sing to the man who
fails.

Oh, men, who are labelled "failures," up, rise up! again,
and do!
Somewhere in the world of action is room; there is
room for you.
No failure was e'er recorded, in the annals of truthful
men,
Except of the craven-hearted who fails, nor attempts
again.
The glory is in the doing, and not in the trophy won;
The walls that are laid in darkness may laugh to the kiss
of the sun.
Oh, weary and worn and stricken, oh, child of fate's
cruel gales!
I sing—that it haply may cheer him—I sing to the man
who fails.

Alfred J. Waterhouse.

THE DIFFERENCE

Any one may take up space by sitting in the seat of an automobile. But only the fellow who turns on the gas, throws the machine in gear, and steers with some intelligence will travel very far.

THE manager asked of a clerk (just his age) :
"How is business in your branch, as matters you gauge?"
"Everything," said the clerk as he stifled a yawn,
"Is going on fairly." "But does it go *on*?"

In a mere shift of accent what differences lurk;
One man was a manager, one was a clerk.

The manager asked of the clerk (just his age) :
"Any problems confronting your branch at this stage?"
"Yes, I'm lost in the woods, and it's twilight, not dawn."
"The road that leads out is the road that leads on."

The mood of the worker is stamped on the work;
One man was a manager, one was a clerk.

St. Clair Adams.

BUILD A LITTLE FENCE

BUILD a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay,
Look not between the shel'tring bars
Upon to-morrow,
But take whatever comes to thee
Of joy and sorrow.

Mary F. Butts.

NOW

Make the shoes you must walk with to-day rather than the wings you would fly with to-morrow.

RISE! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone:
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future,—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret:
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle:—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

Adelaide Anne Procter.

IF I WERE A VOICE

Garfield defined a college as a log with Mark Hopkins on one end and a student on the other. So in all the relations of life that which counts most is a vital personality with loftiness of vision.

IF I were a Voice—a persuasive Voice—
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the Right—in blame of the Wrong.

If I were a Voice—a consoling Voice—
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The home of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from Despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a Voice—a controlling Voice—
I'd travel with the wind;
And, whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them a Christian Brotherhood.

If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice—
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And, whenever they shouted "Liberty,"
Without deserving to be free,

I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And, making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice.

If I were a Voice—a pervading Voice—
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right,
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

Charles Mackay.

IF ONE HAS FAILED

IF one has failed to reach the end he sought,
If out of effort no great good is wrought,
It is not failure, if the object be
The betterment of man; for all that he
Had done and suffered is but gain
To those who follow seeking to attain
The end he sought. His efforts they
Will find are guide posts on the way
To that accomplishment which he,
For some wise purpose, could not be
The factor in. There is a need
Of unsuccessful effort; 'tis the seed
Whose mission is to lie beneath
The soil that grows the laurel wreath,
And he is not unworthy who
Falls struggling manfully to do
What must be done, in dire distress,
That others may obtain success.

William J. Lampton.

BUT

A great deal depends on the relative positions of things. Mr. Micawber finds it so of a sixpence: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

THERE'S no escaping this word *but*;
All questions are two-sided;
There'd be no way to turn things round
If *but* were not provided.
Yet wisely must we use this word
So nimbly acrobatic
Or else the dreary side of things
We'll make the more emphatic.

A youngster has done wrong, let's say,
And you must needs reprove him;
In kindness you recount good traits
Of his and deeply move him;
Then you say *but*—he, feeling tricked,
Forgets with indignation
The praise which, had it followed blame,
Had been an inspiration.

You must describe a friend, let's say;
You laud deserts in dozens
And then shamefacedly admit
The faults which are their cousins.
Of virtues or of frailties which
Will make the deep impression?
Out with the wrong first; then say *but*;
Let merits end the session.

An opportunity presents
Itself for your decision;
See you the vision first, then risks,
Or risks and then the vision?

Use caution, face the problems, not
In moods of cowed negation,
But in such wise as will insure
Achievement and creation.

Make *but* the guidepost where the road
Swerves off from tears to laughter;
Before it place faults, doubts, and dread,
Place cheer and courage after;
For whether your bright dreams sink down
Or as great deeds leap starward
Depends on whether you turn back
Or gallantly face forward.

St. Clair Adams.

GOD'S WILL FOR YOU AND ME

JUST to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child,
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song,
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in his promises ever to rest—
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.

Anonymous.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE

Be yourself; think your own thoughts; speak your own words; achieve your own destiny; do not make yourself a mere imitator of somebody else. Some one has said: "There are no two people alike; if there are, one of them is of no account."

VOYAGER upon life's sea,
To yourself be true;
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an end in view,
And toward the beacon mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone
To return no more:
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state, and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower;
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue,

And to win the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of Fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellowmen?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's fierce fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the Right;
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost—
Every good deed nobly done,
Will repay the cost;
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

Sarah K. Bolton.

BEARING SORROW

THE human race are sons of sorrow born;
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse, or crouch beneath their load; the brave
Bear theirs without repining.

James Thomson.

A WATCHWORD

A man proposed to his wife an arrangement by which they could get along amicably together: she was to have her way when they agreed; he was to have his when they disagreed. Unless we assert ourselves, courage and perseverance will make an equally one-sided arrangement with us: they will be on hand when we don't want them, and absent when we do.

WHEN you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it.
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward, can be brave,
Till the time
That his courage should be prime—
Then 'tis fled.
Keep your head!
What a folly 'tis to lose it
Just the time you want to use it!

When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to plague you, and to lurk
In your study or your work,
Here's a hit
Like enough will settle it.
Knowledge is a worthy prize;
Knowledge comes to him who tries—
Whose endeavor
Ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbor,
Were it not that they who labor
For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep;
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way

Past the goal
Which the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was, "I'm tired."

When the task of keeping guard
Of your heart—
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day—
Is becoming dry and hard,
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,
Good behavior growing *worksome*,—
Think this thought:
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good,
Were it not
That it's harder keeping straight
Than it is to deviate;
And to keep the way of right,
You must have the pluck to *fight*.

Edmund Vance Cooke.

From "A Patch of Pansies,"
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EXISTENCE MAY BE BORNE

EXISTENCE may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolate bosoms: mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such examples be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

Lord Byron.

THE SEEKER

Struggle and progress are the law of life. We can never be satisfied with what we have nor with what we acquire. The restless longing to achieve something better drives us relentlessly on. We achieve this something new, recognize it as superior to anything we have yet possessed, but do not find it the perfection it seemed. And so we discard it and reach out for that which promises more, always baffled of the permanently satisfying, but always struggling upward.

THE creeds he wrought of dream and thought
Fall from him at the touch of life,
His old gods fail him in the strife—
Withdrawn, the heavens he sought!

Vanished, the miracles that led,
The cloud at noon, the flame at night;
The vision that he wing'd and sped
Falls backward, baffled, from the height;

Yet in the wreck of these he stands
Upheld by something grim and strong;
Some stubborn instinct lifts a song
And nerves him, heart and hands:

He does not dare to call it hope;—
It is not aught that seeks reward—
Nor faith, that up some sunward slope
Runs aureoled to meet its lord;

It touches something elder far
Than faith or creed or thought in man,
It was ere yet these lived and ran
Like light from star to star;

It touches that stark, primal need
That from unpeopled voids and vast
Fashioned the first crude, childish creed,—
And still shall fashion, till the last!

For one word is the tale of men :
They fling their icons to the sod,
And having trampled down a god
They seek a god again !

Stripped of his creeds inherited,
Bereft of all his sires held true,
Amid the wreck of visions dead
He thrills at touch of visions new. . . .

He wings another Dream for flight. . . .
He seeks beyond the outmost dawn
A god he set there . . . and, anon.
Drags that god from the height !

But aye from ruined faiths and old
That droop and die, fall bruised seeds ;
And when new flowers and faiths unfold
They're lovelier flowers, they're kindlier creeds.

Don Marquis.

From "Dreams and Dust,"
Doubleday, Page & Co.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

TO each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemned alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more :—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise !

Thomas Gray.

From "On a Distant
Prospect of Eton College."

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

This poem echoes the famous saying of Sir Humphrey Gilbert just before he lost his life in a shipwreck: "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land."

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spake in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

James T. Fields.

A SONG OF GLADNESS

We don't all have tuneful voices, but we all may have tuneful souls.

EACH little day
That slips away
And finds for thee no pleasure,
That steals along
Without a song,
Is just a wasted treasure.

The sands that pass
Through the hour glass
And find thee in repining,
Mark the lost hours.
The freshest flowers
Blow when the sun is shining.

Thou shalt not grope
For the lost hope
Through darkness dim, unending.
Ne'er vain regret
Succeeded yet
A broken thread in mending.

The chance that's lost,
Let not the cost
Be flowing tears and sighing,
When countless more
From life's vast store
Are to be had for trying.

So put away
Thy cares to-day,
And cease thy fate reviling;
For Chance eludes
The soul that broods,
And courts the soul that's smiling.

James W. Foley.

From "The Voices of Song,"
E. P. Dutton & Co.

THEN AG'IN

Some people have the knack of interpreting the evidence to suit themselves. A vaudeville performer was explaining the occurrences of the evening. "The man ahead of me, a chap named Harry, was poor, frightfully poor. The crowd simply wouldn't stand for him and their hisses drove him from the stage. Then my turn came, and when I first went on, the crowd listened patiently enough. But after a while, do you know, they began to hiss poor Harry again."

JIM BOWKER, he said ef he'd had a fair show,
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
And the least bit assistance in hoein' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd filled the world full of the sound of his name,
An' clim the top round in the ladder of fame;
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

But he had tarnal luck—everythin' went ag'in him,
The arrers er fortune they allus 'ud pin him;
So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him,
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd a-done, and the heights he'd a-clumb—
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less,
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,
As Jim Bowker, he said.
If it hadn' been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,

We might a-been famous, an' might a-been rich,
It might be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been,
Then ag'in—

Sam Walter Foss.

From "Back Country Poems,"
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE DESERTER

The man who bids death hasten is like the Irishman who fell out of a hotel window, caught on some telephone wires, after a moment turned loose, and dropped heavily to the earth. When asked why he did not hold to the wires, he explained: "I was afraid they would break."

BLINDEST and most frantic prayer,
Clutching at a senseless boon,
His that begs, in mad despair,
Death to come;—he comes so soon! {

Like a reveler that strains
Lip and throat to drink it up—
The last ruby that remains,
One red droplet in the cup,

Like a child that, sullen, mute,
Sulking spurns, with chin on breast,
Of the Tree of Life the fruit,
His gift of whom he is the guest,

Outcast on the thither shore,
Open scorn to him shall give
Souls that heavier burdens bore:
"See the wretch that dared not live!"

Edward Rowland Sill.

From "Complete Poems,"
Houghton Mifflin Co.

EXCELSIOR

Longfellow was inspired to write this poem by the motto on the shield of the state of New York. He has explained that his purpose was "to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. His motto is *Excelsior*, 'higher'. He passes through the Alpine village—through the rough, cold paths of the world—where the peasants cannot understand him, and where the watchword is an 'unknown tongue'. He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glaciers—his fate—before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes; without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward."

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with a strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NO WORD FOR FEAR

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear;
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

Walter Savage Landor.

NOT YET, MY SOUL

In a famous painting Death touches an artist who is hard at work on his unfinished masterpiece. The artist looks round protestingly, as if to say: "Do not disturb me now. My work—I must finish my work."

NOT yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,
Where thou with grass, and rivers, and the breeze
And the bright face of day, thy dalliance hadst;
Where to thine ear first sang the enraptured birds;
Where love and thou that lasting bargain made.
The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore
Thou hearest airy voices; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet awhile depart.

Freedom is far, rest far. Thou art with life
Too closely woven, nerve with nerve intertwined;
Service still craving service, love for love,
Love for dear love, still suppliant with tears.
Alas, not yet thy human task is done!
A bond at birth is forged; a debt doth lie
Immortal on immortality. It grows—
By vast rebound it grows, unceasing growth;
Gift upon gift, alms upon alms, upreared,
From man, from God, from nature, till the soul
At that so huge indulgence stands amazed.

Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonored, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay,
Thy body, now beleaguered; whether soon
Or late she fall; whether to-day thy friends
Bewail thee dead or, after years, a man
Grown old in honor and the friend of peace,
Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours;
Each is with service pregnant; each reclaimed
Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign
As when a captain rallies to the fight

His scattered legions, and beats ruin back,
He, on the field, encamps, well pleased in mind.
Yet surely him shall fortune overtake,
Him smite in turn, headlong his ensigns drive;
And that dear land, now safe, to-morrow fall.
But he, unthinking, in the present good
Solely delights, and all the camps rejoice.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "Poems,"
Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE ENDLESS BATTLE

A man suspended a sledgehammer from a tree in front of his house. One morning as he started off to work he noticed a billy goat taking a run, colliding head-on with the sledgehammer, and then backing up to butt it again on the rebound. When the man came home at nightfall, he could see nothing left of the billy goat except the tip of its tail, but this was maintaining the battle as furiously as ever.

THERE is no hope, and yet I keep on fighting.
There is no chance, and yet I fight the more.
Fate's holocaust is loosed against me, blighting
My dream of triumph that I held of yore;
Sick am I, sick unto the very core
Of heavy wrongs there is no way of righting,
Yea, I am weary of the battle roar
Beneath black skies no sun is ever lighting.

I see no gleam of victory alluring,
No chance of splendid booty or of gain,
If I endure I must go on enduring
And my reward for bearing pain—is pain;
Yet, though the hope, the thrill, the zest are gone,
Something within me keeps me fighting on!

Berton Braley.

From "A Banjo at Armageddon,"
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George H. Doran Co., Publishers.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

The following lines are given as they appeared in Father Ryan's paper, the *Banner of the South*. In his collected poems they are called "The Rosary of My Tears," and the expression "brave heart" in the last stanza is changed to "lone heart."

"If a man states in your hearing," General Sheridan once said, "that he went into his first battle without a tremor, give him my compliments and tell him he's a liar." The courage which overcomes fear was what the soldier most valued. The courage which overcomes depression is perhaps nobler still. Father Ryan had much to discourage him. To enter the priesthood required of him that he part forever from the girl he loved. To sadden his later years was the failure of the Southern cause in which he had so ardently believed. But always his nature was sunny and magnanimous. He was once asked whether, as a Confederate chaplain, he would perform the burial service for a dead Northern soldier. "Certainly," said he, his eyes twinkling; "I'd perform it gladly for ten thousand of them."

SOME reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art,—
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their life, by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length—not the depth of years;
Few or many they come, few or many they go,
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,
And not by the furrows the fingers of care,

On forehead and face, have made:
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft-times old,
Though their brow be bright and fair;

While their blood beats warm, their heart lies cold—
O'er them the springtime, but winter is there.

And the old are oft-times young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead,—'tis well!
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave heart home—
It reaches the haven through tears.

Father Ryan.

FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SPEECH BEFORE HARFLEUR

In this passage King Henry the Fifth of England is inciting his soldiers to renewed attack upon a walled city.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swell'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

William Shakespeare.

VIKING-THROES

The viking, putting adventurously forth on uncharted seas, must have valor and purpose. But if he is to know manhood in its fullness he must have love too, must maintain love uncoarsened by the labor and conflict through which he will pass.

LIFE'S a Battle, full of stress,
Full of Change,
Struggle, Combat, Weariness,
Circling range—
Be limbs and hearts sore heavy, yet
Foe on foe is set.

Give me fingers for the Fight
Keen and strong;
Give a Mind that swerves no mite
'Mid the Throng;
Beget me Valor, stiffly-grown,
Hewn to stand alone.

Grant me Virtue so to be,
So to dare,
That though all may faint or flee
—Howsoe'er
The Fight may turn—I yet shall stand
Firm in Eye and Hand.

Let some Purpose through my tears
Gleam and glow,
Ah! let not the ruining Years
Full of woe,
Engulf them in their dim embrace
That high spectral Grace.

Yet, all Boon of boons above,
This I crave,
Let a tender ample Love
My Spirit save
Forth from the harsh ungentle chains
Fight so oft attains.

Darrell Figgis.

From "A Vision of Life,"
The John Lane Co.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

To admit that one may be wrong and his adversary right,
is the essence of wisdom and the ultimate proof of courage.

WE must have faith in ourselves,
And we must have faith in our cause;
A basic and sturdy self-trust
Is one of our being's laws;
But we should have humbleness too,
And to charity hold tight;
For despite our sure dreams
And despite all that seems,
It may be the other chap's right—
Heigho, were the other chap right!

The world is exceedingly large
And problems are very complex;
And we see but as stokers see
Who in darkness toil below decks;
Of nothing at all are we sure,
On our wisdom rests ever a blight.
Does that word "wisdom" fit
Unless we admit
That possibly the other chap's right?—
Quite possibly the other chap's right?

Though all questions have two sides at least,
Though to truth there is no single door,
Naught but courage can candidly say
That a rival may have the true ore.
When he tells us we're human and frail
And in error, we take sullen fright
And bluster and shout
And knock things about;
None the less he's conceivably right—
Yes, perhaps the other chap's right.

St. Clair Adams.

ALL'S WELL

You must expect battles on your journey through life. "And if you fall," is Charles Kingsley's exhortation,—“why, arise again! Get up, and go on: you may be sorely bruised and soiled with your fall, but is that any reason for lying still, and giving up the struggle cowardly?”

HOW fared the fight with thee to-day?
Not well? Ah, nay,
Thou hast not lost; thou can'st not lose,
However much they tear and bruise
The panting breast, the straining thews
Which are thy spirit's citadel,
If thou and Faith, upon the walls,
Are comrades still when darkness falls.
Rest now! In sleep thy veins shall swell
With Hope's new wine; and like a bell
From valleys deep heard on the height,
Thy 'leaguered soul, throughout the night,
Shall call to thee: "All's well!"

It is thyself alone that may
Thyself betray.
Arise again! Arise and fight!
God's smile is in the morning light;
Lift thou thy banner brave and bright
Above thy spirit's citadel!
What matter if its fall be sure?
The pilgrim soul thy walls immure,
Clinging the wings of Azrael,
In face of all the hordes of hell,
Shall take, full-armed, its homeward flight,
And o'er thy ruins, from the height,
Shall call to thee: "All's well!"

T. A. Daly.

From "Songs of Wedlock," and "Canzoni,"
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BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

If one swallow does not make a summer or one advantage ultimate success, neither does one rebuff mean a permanent downfall. Charleston was destroyed by an earthquake, Chicago by a fire, San Francisco by both. Yet each of these cities rose from destruction greater than before.

FOR Scotland's and for freedom's right
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight
 Been conquered and dismayed;
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
 The meed for which he fought;
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
 A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
 For him who claimed a throne:
His canopy, devoid of grace,
 The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed,—
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
 From couch of eider-down!
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thoughts he lay
 Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
 Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
 Which roofed the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
 His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
 Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw ;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still ;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last—
The hero hailed the sign!—
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender, silken line!
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

Bernard Barton.

WEALTH

TO purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair Virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

Samuel Johnson.

TO-DAY

We should throw ourselves into the work of to-day as the negro who had seen a ghost threw himself into the effort to escape. A jackrabbit scurried down the path before him in his flight. "Git out o' de way, Mr. Rabbit," he besought. "Git out o' de way, and let somebody run dat *kin* run."

WITH every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The Past has cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

Concern yourself with but To-day.
Grasp it, and teach it to obey

Your will and plan. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man.

You and To-day! A soul sublime
And the great heritage of time.

With God Himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, brave heart! Attain! Attain!

Anonymous.

AN IMMORTAL GUEST

THE soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark, which upward tends by Nature's force;
A stream diverted from its Parent source;
A drop dissever'd from the boundless Sea;
A moment, parted from Eternity;
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native Home.

Hannah More.

A LEAP FOR LIFE

Sometimes the hazardous course is the only safe one. Sol Smith, the theatrical man of pioneer days, founded in his early manhood a newspaper in Cincinnati. Some of the things he printed were offensive to people, in consequence of which fact he had several fights. On one occasion he was attacked by a man twice his weight. He was badly scared. But convinced that he must not let his opponent hit him, he proceeded to knock the man down each time he attempted to do so. Perhaps the plan is to be recommended.

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Jack, the captain's son,
With gallant hardihood,
Climbed shroud and spar—and then upon
The main-truck rose and stood!

A shudder ran through every vein—
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky!
No hold had he above—below,
Alone he stood in air!
At that far height none dared to go—
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed—but not a man could speak!—
With horror all aghast
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officer and crew.

The father came on deck—He gasped,
“O, God, Thy will be done!”

Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son!
"Jump far out, boy! into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!" he said:
"That only chance your life can save!
Jump—jump, boy!"—He obeyed.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved—
He for the ship struck out!
On board we hailed the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart the boy,
And fainted on the deck!

George Pope Morris.

RICHES

MUCH learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

Edward Young.

KEEP A-PLUGGIN' AWAY

Dizzy Vance is thought of as a brilliant pitcher, but brilliance is not the quality upon which his fame in baseball has been built. Six times he went up to the major leagues and six times he was sent back to the minors. Any man of heart less stout would have given up trying. But the seventh time he went up, he stuck. By winning twenty-eight games in a single season, and by almost capturing the championship for a mediocre team, Brooklyn, he in 1924 earned the prize for being the best all-round player in the National League.

I'VE a humble little motto
That is homely, though it's true,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
It's a thing when I've an object
That I always try to do,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
When you've rising storms to quell,
When opposing waters swell,
It will never fail to tell,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

If the hills are high before
And the paths are hard to climb,
Keep a-pluggin' away.
And remember that successes
Come to him who bides his time,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
From the greatest to the least,
None are from the rule released.
Be thou toiler, poet, priest,
Keep a-pluggin' away.

Delve away beneath the surface,
There is treasure farther down,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
Let the rain come down in torrents,
Let the threat'ning heavens frown,
Keep a-pluggin' away.

When the clouds have rolled away,
There will come a brighter day
All your labor to repay,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

There'll be lots of sneers to swallow,
There'll be lots of pain to bear,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
If you've got your eye on heaven,
Some bright day you'll wake up there,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.
Perseverance still is king;
Time its sure reward will bring;
Work and wait unwearying,—
Keep a-pluggin' away.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

From "Complete Poems,"
Dodd, Mead & Co.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

This piece and the two that follow arose out of our Civil War. In two or three passages, indeed, the closeness to that great conflict is shown in the willingness of the authors to "call names". But we should disregard the bitterness and think only of the heroism. *Sheridan's Ride* is based upon a striking historic incident, which it renders spiritedly.

UP from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled

The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down :
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight ;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering
south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire ;
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both,
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
 because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was
 gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester town to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letter both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

Thomas Buchanan Read.

From "Poems,"
J. B. Lippincott Co.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

The authenticity of the incident here related has been strongly questioned. But the supposed deed of Barbara was actually matched, again and again, by the heroism of both Northern women and Southern.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

LITTLE GIFFEN

This poem illustrates the fidelity of the poorer classes in the South to the Confederate cause. The story it contains is almost literally true. The boy Isaac Giffen, son of an East Tennessee blacksmith, was terribly wounded, carried to a hospital, and thence taken to Ticknor's home near Columbus, Georgia. Ticknor was a country doctor, and in his household the boy was nursed back to life. Thereupon young Giffen joined Johnston's army in the battles around Atlanta, in one of which he was killed.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire—
Out of the hospital's walls as dire—
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene—
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Spectre, such as you seldom see
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

Take him and welcome, the surgeons said,
Not the Doctor can help the dead!—
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer air,
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath
Skeleton boy against skeleton death!—
Months of torture how many such!—
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch,—
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't!—Nay! More! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write—
“Dear Mother”! at first, of course, and then
“Dear Captain”!—enquiring about the men!
Captain's answer of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive!

“Johnston pressed, at the front”—they say;—
Little Giffen was up and away!—

A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;—
"I'll write, if spared!"—there was news of fight
But none of Giffen!—he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the courtly knights of Arthur's ring,
With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here—
I'd give the best on his bended knee—
The whitest soul of my chivalry—
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

Francis O. Ticknor.

THE OPTIMIST

Life is too short for us to quarrel with it. We should accept it as it is, drawbacks and all, and put it to use.

I LOVE the play
Of every day,
And all the life force that we see;
To build anew,
To carry through,
And just to live is joy to me.

Though grief and ill
My hours may fill,
I shall not say all life is vain;
In spite of woe,
And blow on blow,
I shall not think there's naught but pain.

A touch of spring,
A bird on wing,
And now and then a warming smile;
A friend or two
With trust in you,
These, free to all, make life worth while.

Joseph B. Strauss.

Permission of the Author.
From "By-Products of Idle Hours."

SUCCESS

Some men are so persistent and resourceful that what we need ask for them is not success, but merely the chance to win success. An Irishman had arranged that a priest should say masses for the shortening of his father's stay in purgatory. After some weeks the priest announced that one of the father's feet had been extricated. "Then we won't bother about him any more," the Irishman said. "Once we've got a foot out for him, he'll get the rest out for himself."

GENIUS, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
Continuous effort of itself implies,
In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.
'Twixt failure and success the print's so fine,
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line;
Just when the pearl is waiting one more plunge,
How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge!
As the tide goes clear out it comes clear in;
In business 'tis at turns, the wisest win;
And, oh, how true when shades of doubt dismay,
"'Tis often darkest just before the day."
A little more persistence, courage, vim,
Success will dawn o'er failure's cloudy rim.
Then take this honey for the bitterest cup;
There is no failure, save in giving up.
No real fall, so long as one still tries,
For seeming set-backs make the strong man wise.
There's no defeat, in truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.

C. C. Cameron.

PERSISTENCE

MY hopes retire; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting place in vain:
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
The shore repels it; it returns again.

Walter Savage Landor.

DODGIN' TROUBLE

To unwelcome visitors we should not be at home.

W'EN I sees Ol' Man Trouble
A-lookin' roun' fu' me,
His face all screwed up double
Enjoyin' his misery,
I knows dat he's intendin'
To fill mah hea't wid gloom;
Den I's mah way a-wendin'
To give dat feller room.
And w'en wid frown so bitter
He knocks upon mah do',
I says, "Go way, you critter,
I don't live hyeah no mo'."

W'en Care comes wid a bundle
An' swahs dat hit is mine,
I says, "Now you jes' trundle
Dat package down de line.
You ain't got de right numbah,
Dat's jes' as plain as day,
You shan't distu'b mah slumbah—
Go tak' dat care away.
Now don't t'ink dat I'm dodgin',
But you have missed yo' guess;
For I's done changed mah lodgin',
An' ain't lef' no address."

W'en Bad Luck comes a-shoutin'
Dat I am in his grip,
An' keeps a gloom-shower spoutin'
Until I slide an' slip,
Fu' me dere's one salvation
W'en pulverized wid fyeah,
To 'scape de ruination
I act like I can't hyeah.

Wid courage in each feature
I shout, "Yo're wastin' bre'f,
To talk to me, you creature,
Case I is clean plumb de'f."

Joseph Morris.

TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL

Many, many times has each of us been sure that his motives have been better than his deeds have shown. Is it not both sensible and charitable to assume that the same is true of our fellows?

IF I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

Nixon Waterman.

From "In Merry Mood,"
Forbes & Co.

JIM BLUDSO

We see instances enough, heaven knows, of men's selfish disregard for their fellows. Should we, on the other hand, be blind to the many instances of heroic self-sacrifice?

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Becase he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

John Hay.

From "Pike County Ballads,"
Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE SOUL

THE soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age; and Nature sink in years:
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

Joseph Addison.

THE PIONEERS

The men who see visions or cherish new ideas find the sledding pretty hard at first. Edison says he made the first dozen typewriters; then waited ten years before he could sell them to the public. He says that forty years ago he began to advocate the idea of transforming coal into electrical energy at the mines instead of handling it, hauling it, and then wasting most of its power in the furnace. But only now is the idea beginning to be widely applied.

THEY'RE the "utterly foolish dreamers,"
Who dream of a better day;
They're not the plotters and schemers
Who work for glory and pay,
But with confidence undiminished
They dream of a world made new,
And after their days are finished
The wonderful dream comes true!

They're the fighters who fight undaunted
For the utterly hopeless cause,
Ridiculed, jeered and taunted,
With never a lull or pause;
But after they've fought and perished,
And after their work is done,
The cause they have loved and cherished
Is lifted to fame—and won!

They know the hope and the yearning,
The sting of the blind world's scorn,
But never the sunshine burning,
The skies of their visioned morn;
They're the warriors fine and splendid,
The fond and the faithful few,
Whose battles and work are ended,
Or ever the dreams come true!

Berton Braley.

From "Songs of the Workaday World,"
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George H. Doran Co., Publishers.

AMBITION

Rome, in great peril, made Cincinnatus dictator. The messengers who were sent to summon him found him plowing in a field. In just sixteen days he accomplished his mission, laid down his honors, and went back to workaday tasks.

NO bay for me that critics may deny
In distant ages; no position high
To win the others' envy, but a place
Among the men of service to my race.

To earn the meed of praise that comes to one
Who sees at eve his daily labor done,
And done so well no hostile eye can find
A flaw in it, or fault of any kind.

To spread a note of cheer where'er I stray.
To lead the joyless to a brighter day.
To fill the hearts of sufferers with a song.
To stand always a sturdy foe to wrong.

To win the love of those with whom I toil.
To keep as close as may be to the soil
Whence came my strength and power, and anon
When it must be, to die with harness on!

John Kendrick Bangs.

From "Songs of Cheer."
Permission of the Author's Estate.

BEAR UP AWHILE

YE good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath Life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
The storms of wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

James Thomson.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

There is an immortality in the love which foresees death cheerfully and with forethought lays plans for the happiness of the survivor.

WHEN you are old, and I am passed away—
Passed, and your face, your golden face, is
gray—

I think, whate'er the end, this dream of mine,
Comforting you, a friendly star will shine
Down the dim slope where still you stumble and stray.

So may it be: that so dead Yesterday,
No sad-eyed ghost but generous and gay,
May serve you memories like almighty wine,
When you are old!

Dear Heart, it shall be so. Under the sway
Of death the past's enormous disarray
Lies hushed and dark. Yet though there come no sign,
Live on well pleased: immortal and divine
Love shall still tend you, as God's angels may,
When you are old.

William Ernest Henley.

PRESS ONWARD

KEEP a brave spirit, and never despair;
Hope brings you messages through the keen air—
Good is victorious—God everywhere.

Grand are the battles which you have to fight,
Be not downhearted, but valiant for right;
Hope, and press forward, your face to the light.

Anonymous.

COURAGE

Half-courage should be nurtured into wholeness, as we water and cultivate an exotic plant.

TWO kinds of courage are there in the creed
Of simple men. The one is courage born,
Not made; enfibred in the heart, not worn
Above it; strong in every hour of need.
The other courage is of doubtful breed,
For cowardice itself caught on the thorn
Of sharp despair may lead a hope forlorn
And trick the world with one swift dazzling deed.

But this that holds me in perpetual lease,
How can I give so motley thing a name?
That wins no battles nor will sue for peace,
That dares, that cries "Alas, my strength is gone!"
That droops, revives, that falters and fights on—
Is this thing courage or but fear of shame?

Louis Lavater.

From "A Book of Australasian Verse,"
Oxford University Press.

COURAGE

Too often we allow the past to shape the future. Had Providence intended the past to be the directing force in our lives Providence would also have seen to it that our eyes would have been in the back of our heads.

IF in the past should brooding sorrow dwell
Look not that way,
Let not the echoes of a tolling bell
Ring in another day.
Be brave in thought—the fearless thought shall lead
To the achievement of the fearless deed.

Ella Fuller Maitland.

ODE

These lines sum perfectly the gratitude we should feel to those who gave their lives for their country.

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

William Collins.

MAGNOLIA CEMETERY ODE

The preceding poem expresses pathos as well as gratitude—the pathos of the thought that heroes have laid down their lives. This poem expresses the more poignant pathos of such a sacrifice made in vain. At the time Timrod wrote, the Magnolia cemetery in Charleston, S. C., had no suitable monument to the Confederate dead who lay there. Such a monument has since been erected. The ode, especially the last stanza, has been much admired. Whittier pronounced it, “in its simple grandeur, the noblest poem ever written by a Southern poet,” and Professor Trent has declared, “One need not fear to compare it with the best lyric of the kind in the literature of the world.”

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

Henry Timrod.

GREAT MEN

Great men mold the eras in which they live. How different the history of the world would have been without Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Napoleon, and Washington.

TIS thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection;
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,
Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection,
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual;—
Such is the way of your Great Men o'er little.

Lord Byron.

RESOLVE

Look back if it helps; look forward because it helps. Only, do not forget that after looking you must move. That ship will not drive far through the darkness which drops its anchor and turns its searchlight astern.

AS the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope. Remember,
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of Promise, forgetting
Whatever the Past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is
still shining.

Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for
the next.

Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their
lining.

Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a
text.

As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the Past,
While you take your place in the line of Progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to
the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve.
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For see how the light of the New Year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

From "Poems of Pleasure,"
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO

In this poem Browning disclaims any wish to be pitied after death. Rather does he wish to be thought of as that which he was—a man who had looked forward gladly and valiantly to meeting death, as he had gladly and confidently met the problems and hardships of life. Regarding the third stanza we are told: "One evening, just before his death-illness, the poet was reading this from a proof to his daughter-in-law and sister. He said: 'It almost looks like bragging to say this, and as if I ought to cancel it; but it's the simple truth; and as it's true, it shall stand.'"

AT the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, im-
prisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved
so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

Robert Browning.

THE TWO

At Edgehill, during the English Civil War, Prince Rupert of the Royalist cavalry drove the Parliamentary horse in wild flight before him; but his zeal outweighed his judgment and he pressed the pursuit so far that he gave no help to the Royalist infantry, which had been severely handled. Two years later Oliver Cromwell of the Parliamentary cavalry won a similar advantage at Marston Moor; but he pulled up promptly and hurled his squadrons against the Royalists in other parts of the field. His refusal to be carried away by his ardor was decisive. From that time the king's cause was doomed.

NOW, if aught be true, then this holds true—
The man who dares is a Flame:
Setting the blood in our veins afire,
Lighting the blaze of the Great Desire—
Burning his way to Fame.
Yet the man who keeps the ground he wins,
Though his words be calm and his pace be slow—
The man who sees that the Jest begins
Where the Tragedy ends—he is good to know—
Few are there better than he to know!

The man who dares cuts a furrow wide:
He sows on a broad-cast scale
And cradles the crops on the uplands high,
Where others may note him, against the sky—
But what of the grain in the vale?
He knows no law but his own, self-made,
That daily he bends to his feverish will,—
A meteor flashing past worlds more staid,
—But the North Star guides the mariner still—
Steadfast and true it guides men still!

The meteor-man is ever blind
To aught but his will to win.
Through the choking smother of battle-mist
He glimpses the world—but it's all a-twist
And wallowing deep in sin!

While a little way off, with courage calm
The other fights on, in his quieter way,
Steadfast his brain and strong is his arm
At finish as well as start of the fray—
And he holds all he wins in the fray!

Everard Jack Appleton.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Quiet Courage."
D. Appleton & Co.

BREAKER AND MAKER

A colored man, alone with his girl, was dumb and backward. To help him out, she inquired: "What'd yuh ratheh be than anythin' else on earth?" He brightened. "One o' dem big octopuses." "Why?" "So Ah could wrap all dem twenty-five arms erroun' yuh and hol' yuh tight." "Gwan, nigguh. Yuh ain't doin' nuthin' wid dem two arms yuh got."

FATE called a quitter from the crowd
And barred his pathway to success;
At each new blow he wailed aloud,
Or faltered in the daily stress;
And step by step fate dragged him low,
The easier each passing day,
And yet he struck no counter blow,
Or ever upward fought his way.

And at the end he cursed the fate
That drove him to such bitter state.

Fate picked a fighter from the throng
And barred his pathway to the goal;
At each new blow, with purpose strong,
He fought with ever braver soul;
And step by step he bore fate back
The easier each passing day,
And soon before the stout attack
Fate passed on, beaten, from his way.

And at the end he blessed fate's whim
That helped to make a man of him.

Grantland Rice.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Sportlight."

SOLILOQUY FOR A THIRD ACT

The only time that never seems the right one is the present.
The only time we can make the right one is the present.

WHAT is this sullen curious interval
Between the happy Thought, the languid Act?
What is this dull paralysis of Will
That lets the fatal days drift by like dreams?
Of the mind's dozing splendors what remains?
What is this *Now* I utter to you here?

This Now, for great men dead, was golden Future;
For happier souls to come, conjectured Past.
Men love and praise the Past—the only thing
In all the great commodity of life
That grows and grows, shining and heaping up
And endlessly compounds beneath their hands:
Richer we are in Time with every hour,
But in nought else.—The Past! I love the Past—
Stand off, O Future, keep away from me!

Yet some there are, great thoughtless active souls,
Can use the volvant circle of the year
Like a child's hoop, and flog it gleefully
Along the downward slope of busy days;
But some, less lucky.
What wretch invented Time and calendars
To torture his weak wits, to probe himself
As a man tongues a tender concave tooth?
See, all men bear this secret cicatrix,
This navel mark where we were ligatured
To great Eternity; and so they have
This knot of Time-sense in their angry hearts.

So must I die and pass to Timeless nothing?
It will not, shall not, cannot, must not be!
I'll print such absolute identity
Upon these troubled words, that finding them

In some old broken book (long, long away),
The startled reader cries, Here was a Voice
That had a meaning, and outrode the years!

Christopher Morley.

From "Parson's Pleasure,"
Copyright, 1923,
George H. Doran Company.

THERE AIN'T NO NEED TO

Though life is positive, often the wise part is to refrain.

WHEN you're out hunting with your pup
And see a bear and think you'll sup
On him, and raise your gun abrup'
And draw a bead too,
You'd better stop; you'll git et up—
There ain't no need to.

When talk is runnin' like a sluice
On toppiks cloudy and abstruse
And you're temptationed to cut loose,
It should be seed to;
Don't go and make yourself a goose—
There ain't no need to.

When some guy fills you to the brim
With notions that your income slim
Will fatten out if you'll jes' skim
Its cream to feed to
His honest self, well, *don't* trust him—
There ain't no need to.

When folks sit round and prate and prate
'Bout things as should be done, and bait
Their little trap, and kalkillate
You'll pay some heed too,
Don't pull their chestnuts from the grate—
There ain't no need to.

St. Clair Adams.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

The charge here described is among the immortal attacks in history. It was hopeless from the outset; "some one had blundered" in ordering it. But the troopers rode forward without hesitation. Of the 670 men who participated, only 370 survived unhurt; and of these but 195 were mounted when the brigade re-formed on the same ground twenty minutes after the beginning of the charge.

I

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Alfred Tennyson.

CASABIANCA

Nelson's victory at the battle of the Nile is among the world's renowned naval triumphs. But the conduct of the ten-year-old son of the commander of the French flagship called forth almost as much praise, even from the English. The French captain, though seriously wounded, fought on until his ship, which had been in flames for half an hour, blew up. Meanwhile young Casabianca had been urged to seek safety. Steadfastly refusing, he remained at his post and in a futile effort to rescue his father lost his own life.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
 “My father! must I stay?”
While o’er him, fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound;
 The boy,—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
 Was that young, faithful heart.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

NATURE

The miracles of nature are not miracles, only because they are so common. If no one had ever seen a flower, the blossoming of even a dandelion would be the most startling event in the world.

GO, mark the matchless working of the Power
That shuts within the seed the future flower;
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In color these, and those delight the smell;
Sends Nature forth, the Daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

William Cowper.

A MAN MUST WANT

No want, no work; no desire, no deed.

IT'S wanting keeps us young and fit.
It's wanting something just ahead
And striving hard to come to it,
That brightens every road we tread.

That man is old before his time
Who is supremely satisfied
And does not want some hill to climb
Or something life has still denied.

The want of poverty is grim,
It has a harsh and cruel sting,
But fill the cup up to the brim,
And that's a far more hopeless thing.

A man must want from day to day,
Must want to reach a distant goal
Or claim some treasure far away,
For want's the builder of the soul.

He who has ceased to want has dropped
The working tools of life and stands
Much like an old-time clock that's stopped
While Time is mouldering his hands.

I'm truly sorry for the man,
Though he be millionaire or king,
Who does not hold some cherished plan
And says he does not want a thing.

Want is the spur that drives us on
And oft its praises should be sung,
For man is old when want is gone—
It's what we want that keeps us young.

Edgar A. Guest.

From "The Passing Throng,"
The Reilly & Lee Co.

ON THE FIRING LINE

"It is courage," says Cervantes, "that vanquishes in war, and not good weapons."

FOR glory? For good? For fortune, or for fame?
Why, ho, for the front where the battle is on!
Leave the rear to the dolt, the lazy, the lame;
Go forward as ever the valiant have gone.
Whether city or field, whether mountain or mine,
Go forward, right on for the firing line!

Whether newsboy or plowboy or cowboy or clerk,
Fight forward; be ready, be steady, be first;
Be fairest, be bravest, be best at your work;
Exult and be glad; dare to hunger, to thirst,
As David, as Alfred—let dogs skulk and whine—
There is room but for men on the firing line.

Aye, the one place to fight and the one place to fall—
As fall we must all, in God's good time—
It is where the manliest man is the wall,
Where boys are as men in their pride and prime.
Where glory gleams brightest, where brightest eyes shine—
Far out on the roaring red firing line.

Joaquin Miller.

From "Complete Poetical Worker,"
Harr Wagner Publishing Co.

LIFE

WELL—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The King commands us, and the Doctor quacks us,
The Priest instructs, and so our life exhales:
A little Breath, Love, Wine, Ambition, Fame,
Fighting, Devotion, Dust,—perhaps a Name.

Lord Byron.

HIS WORST ENEMY

Many men fail, not because of external opposition, but because of the improper or unintelligent use of their own powers. What Andrew Carnegie says of business is true in other fields also: "Here is the prime condition of success, the great secret,—concentrate your energy, thought, and capital exclusively upon the business in which you are engaged. Having begun on one line, resolve to fight it out on that line, to lead in it, adopt every improvement, have the best machinery, and know the most about it. Finally, do not be impatient, for, as Emerson says, 'No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourself.'"

HE, who had a sword to swing,
Ever went ablundering
Into cul-de-sacs,
Found the way was black, and then
Had, perforce, to hack again
(With small sword-room!) back again
To the beaten tracks.

All the knaves beset him there:
Yet they could not fret him there
When his sword was drawn.
He himself must beat himself,
He alone defeat himself.
Lord, how he could cheat himself
When the mood was on!

So they gave him rope enough;
Dodging him, with hope enough
He would pull the noose.
None but feared the thrust of him
When they roused the lust of him;
Yet—there lies the dust of him,—
Played with—fast and loose!

Let the grave absorb it quite!
What a blazing orbit might
Not his sword have whirled;
Carving out a name for him,

Purple robes and fame for him,
Plaudits and acclaim for him,
Fearing not the World!

But some foible nursed in him
Spread disaster cursed in him.
Like a flame it ran
Withering every branch for him,—
Wounds that none could staunch for him!
Nor might ships re-launch for him
When the end began!

So to vile sterility
Sank his possibility,—
Dust upon the shelf!
He alone could cheat himself,
So at last he beat himself
Striving to defeat himself
Through his other self!

William Rose Benét.

From "The Falconer of God,"
Copyright, 1914,
Yale University Press.

HIDDEN STRENGTH

The path of least resistance inevitably leads to nowhere. The strength of the pioneers comes from their having to cut their own paths.

THE Gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Joseph Addison.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY

With the battle of Sempach, fought between the Swiss and Austrians in 1386, is connected the legendary story of Arnold of Winkelried, which may have some foundation in fact. According to this story, the Austrians gained possession of a narrow pass in the mountains and formed a serried phalanx with presented spears. Until this solid front was broken the Swiss could not hope to make a successful attack. At last, Arnold of Winkelried, leaving the Swiss ranks, rushed upon the Austrian spears; and receiving in his body as many points as possible, made a breach in the line. The Swiss took advantage of this opening and put the Austrian army to complete rout.

“**M**AKE way for Liberty!” he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood like that enchanted grove
In which, with friends, Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!

Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers’ splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band,
Contending for their native land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke

From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield;
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed:
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,

In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how,
But 'twas no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won.

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

James Montgomery.

LOOK UP!

LOOK up! and not down;
Out! and not in;
Forward! and not back;
And lend a hand.

Edward Everett Hale.

YOUNG AND OLD

Every one of us can be educated, not necessarily through a knowledge of books, but through the development of the faculty to face any situation, approach any kind of problem with wisdom. Such an education is the only true one. It is never more serviceable than when, having lost the ardors of youth, we are left in a world where our rôle must be passive.

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad
And all the wheels run down:
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

Charles Kingsley.

ENVY

The man who has risen high enough to be seen, will be the target for brickbats and mud.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and
snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

Lord Byron.

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP

Sometimes skill, fighting prowess, and all outer resources fail us, and we must rely on sheer manhood. Once when Roosevelt's party, with an experienced hunter to lead it, was after big game in Africa, it came unexpectedly upon a herd of buffalo. The animals wheeled toward the party, half-curious but ready to charge. Such a charge meant death to the party, and knowing this fact, the leader turned to run. But Roosevelt perceived that the flight itself would bring on the attack, that the emergency was one in which nothing but clear grit would serve. He instantly snatched the command and in three sharp words bade every one be perfectly still. At length the buffalo, seeing no movement from the party, turned and went away.

THERE has something gone wrong,
My brave boy, it appears,
For I see your proud struggle
To keep back the tears.
That is right; when you cannot
Give trouble the slip,
Then bear it, still keeping
A stiff upper lip!

Though you cannot escape
Disappointment and care,
There's one thing you can do,—
It is, learn how to bear.
If when for life's prizes
You're running, you trip,
Get up, start again,
Keep a stiff upper lip!

Let your hands and your conscience
Be honest and clean;
Scorn to touch or to think
Of the thing that is mean;
But hold on to the pure
And the right with firm grip;
And though hard be the task,
Keep a stiff upper lip!

Through childhood, through manhood,
Through life to the end,
Struggle bravely and stand
By your colors, my friend;
Only yield when you must,
Never give up the ship,
But fight on to the last
With a stiff upper lip.

Phæbe Cary.

STRENGTH

When Peter the Great of Russia set out to build a new capital, conditions seemed hopelessly unfavorable. The region, besides being open to floods, offered nothing but swamps in which to lay the foundations. There was no stone, no wood to be had. Workmen were lacking. The doubters pointed out the contrast between obstacles and resources. Peter replied, "Get to work." And he built the city.

OUR strength is greater than we dare to think.
We turn our heads and whisper no! no! no!
From this dark cup, we may not, will not drink,
No man was born to taste such wine of woe,
Then draws the cup more near our tightening lips,
Prest close to them by hard, resistless hand,
Then wondrous change and hard to understand,
New vigor steals through our astonished frame,
Old wounds are healed, more glad and young we grow,
The desert waste is blossoming with the rose,
Up longer roads with singing lips we go.

Ellen M. Huntington Gates.

From "The Marble House and Other Poems,"
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

COURAGE

When liberty is threatened, courage is called for and no sacrifice is too great. Our spirit should be as that of the Spartan mother who wished her son to return with his shield or upon it.

COURAGE!—Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undaunted land
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty!
Oh, no mountain-nymph art thou,
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land.

Courage!—Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good;
Armed with all their father's fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the gods of old Greek story,
Raised to heaven and heavenly worth,
For the good they gave to earth.

Courage!—There is none so poor
(None of all who wrong endure),
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his maiden's, dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be his sun?
There are stars when day is done!

Courage!—Who will be a slave,
That hath strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?

Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can never die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Courage! To the fight again.

Bryan Waller Procter.

REVOLUTIONS

Humanity has never attained perfection, perhaps will never attain it. We struggle from that which we have to that which we think is higher. Thus hope is ever before us, and we have the blessing of struggle.

BEFORE man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God put a heap of letters in his hand,
And bade him make with them what word he could.

And man has turn'd them many times; made Greece,
Rome, England, France;—yes, nor in vain essay'd
Way after way, changes that never cease!
The letters have combined, something was made.

But ah! an inextinguishable sense
Haunts him that he has not made what he should;
That he has still, though old, to recommence,
Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And empire after empire, at their height
Of sway, have felt this boding sense come on;
Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,
And droop'd, and slowly died upon their throne.

One day, thou say'st, there will at last appear
The word, the order, which God meant should be.
—Ah! we shall know *that* well when it comes near;
The band will quit man's heart, he will breathe free.

Matthew Arnold.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

Some causes are worthy of any risk, any sacrifice. Some are unworthy that lives should be placed in jeopardy for them. A right-thinking man distinguishes between a true cause and a false one, and resents being called upon to undergo peril where there is no sufficient reason why he should.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side;
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.
Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same:
She thought, "The count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!

"King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous
fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be
mine!"
She dropp'd her glove to prove his love: then looked on
him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild!
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained
his place.
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face!
"Well done!" cried Francis, "bravely done!" and he rose
from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity sets love a task like that!"

Leigh Hunt.

CHALLENGE

The smug and aloof complacency of which the world has so much is a thing to challenge and assail. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!"

THE quiet and courageous night,
The keen vibration of the stars,
Call me, from morbid peace, to fight
The world's forlorn and desperate wars.

The air throbs like a rolling drum—
The brave hills and the singing sea,
Unrest and people's faces come
Like battle-trumpets, rousing me.

And while Life's lusty banner flies,
I shall assail, with raging mirth,
The scornful and untroubled skies,
The cold complacency of earth.

Louis Untermeyer.

From "Challenge,"
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Harcourt, Brace and Co.

DA BESTA FRAND

In the coldest part of the winter of 1924-5 diphtheria broke out in Nome, Alaska. Modern science could cope with the epidemic, but only if anti-toxin were available. The nearest point at which this could be assembled was at Nenana, 650 miles away. From Nenana it would have to be transported by relays of men with dog-sleds. This one desperate recourse was adopted. One team of Siberian huskies succeeded another in the task of mushing through the frozen waste. The last lap of the journey fell to Gunnar Kasson. A blizzard caught him; he found it impossible to make out the course. But he trusted to the leader of his dog-team, *Balto*. And not in vain. It was through the courage, sagacity, and endurance of the faithful dog that the race which held the whole world spellbound and meant life or death to a stricken population was won.

NO keeck my dog! Ha! don'ta dare!
For jus' so queeck you do,
You Meester 'Merican, I swear
I brack your face for you!
Eh? W'at? Well, den, dat's alla right,
But let my Carlo be.
Excusa me for gat excite';
Com', look! I smila! See?
I want be frand weeth you, eef dat
You wanta be my frand,
But Carlo ees bes' frand I gat
Een all dees bigga land,
An' he ees firsta 'Merican
For com' w'en I am blue
An' mak' me feela like man—
I tal eet all to you.

W'en I am com' from Italy,
Jus' landa from da sheep,
Som' thief he tak' my mon' from me
An'—presto!—he ees skeep.
An' w'en I find ees goin', O! my!
I scream, I pull my hair,
An' justa run aroun' an' cry
Like crazy man an' swear.

W'en com'sa beeg poleecaman,
 I ask, I beg dat he
 Weell catcha thiefa eef he can—
 He justa laugh at me!
 I seet een street—I am so blue—
 An' justa hold my head
 [An' theenk "w'at am I gona do?"
 An' weesh dat I am dead.
 Som' peopla com' an' look, but dey
 Jus' smile an' notta care;
 So pretta soon dey gon' away
 An' leave me seettin' dere.
 How long I seet I no can tal;
 I pray, I cry, I curse—
 I bat you eef I go to hal
 I no could feel more worse!
 But while I seet ees som'theeng sof'
 Dat touch my cheek an' w'en
 I tak' my hand for brush eet off
 Eet touch my cheek agen.
 I look. Ees justa leetla cur
 Dat wag hees yellow tail!
 An blood ees on hees yellow fur,
 An' dere ees old teen pail
 Tied on bayhind. Poor leetla pup!
 But steell he leeck my hand,
 As eef he say to me: "Cheer up!
 I gona be your frand."
 I hug heem up! I am ashame'
 For let heem see dat he
 Ees justa dog, but alla same
 Ees better man dan me.

 So! dees ees Carlo, Meester Man;
 I introduce to you,
 Da true, da kinda 'Merican;
 Da first I evva knew!

T. A. Daly.

From "Canzoni,"
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THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR YOU

There are big jobs crying to be done. But they call for big men, men of vision, men of courage. E. H. Harriman was once asked what interested him most in life. "Well," replied he, "I think it is to plan some big piece of helpful work that everybody says can't be done and then jump in with both feet."

THE world is waiting for you, young man,
If your purpose is strong and true;
If out of your treasures of mind and heart,
You can bring things old and new;
If you know the truth that makes men free,
And with skill can bring it to view,
The world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

There are treasures of mountain and treasures of sea,
And harvest of valley and plain,
That Industry, Knowledge, and Skill can secure,
While Ignorance wishes in vain.
To scatter the lightning and harness the storm
Is a power that is wielded by few;
If you have the nerve and the skill, young man,
The world is waiting for you.

Of the idle and brainless the world has enough—
Who eat what they never have earned;
Who hate the pure stream from the fountain of
truth,
And wisdom and knowledge have spurned.
But patience and purpose which know no defeat,
And genius like gems bright and true,
Will bless all mankind with their love, life and
light,—
The world is waiting for you.

Then awake, O young man, from the stupor of
doubt,
And prepare for the battle of life;

Be the fire of the forge, or be anvil or sledge,—
But win, or go down in the strife!
Can you stand though the world into ruin should
rock?
Can you conquer with many or few?
Then the world is waiting for you, young man,
The world is waiting for you!

S. S. Calkins.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

Milton, conscious all his life of the possession of great powers for the right use of which he thought God would hold him responsible, had long planned to write an immortal poem. Then came the Civil War and his patriotic service as Secretary of the Commonwealth—service in which he sacrificed his eyesight. "Surely," said he to himself, half despairing, "God no longer can expect anything of me." But patience came to him, reminded him that God has no real need of anything man can do, bade him wait courageously for evidence of future duty. He accepted the mood and in time wrote the poem he had dreamed of, *Paradise Lost*.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

John Milton.

WANTED—A MAN

The man whom Lincoln at last found had one supreme quality—courage. He did not fear any known danger. He did not fear even the unknown dangers which were his when he faced so able a strategist and so formidable a fighter as Lee. His brother-in-arms, Sherman, said of him: "Wilson, I'm a damned sight smarter man than Grant; I know a great deal more about war, military history, strategy, and grand tactics than he does; I know more about organization, supply, and administration, and about everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a damn for what the enemy does out of his sight, but it scares me like hell."

BACK from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tost;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!
Hark to their echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan:
'End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

'Give us a man of God's own mold,
Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician's pen;
Give us the man of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;
Give us a rallying-cry, and then,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

'No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
And to march and countermarch our brave,
Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low,
And the swamp-grass covers each nameless
grave;
Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
Aye in Disaster's shameful van;
Nor another, to bluster, and lie, and rave;—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

'Hearts are mourning in the North,
While the sister rivers seek the main,
Red with our life-blood flowing forth,—
Who shall gather it up again?
Though we march to the battle-plain
Firmly as when the strife began,
Shall all our offering be in vain?—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

'Is there never one in all the land,
One on whose might the cause may lean?
Are all the common ones so grand,
And all the titled ones so mean?
What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread from bran,
From worthless metal a weapon keen?—
Abraham Lincoln, find us a MAN!

'O, we will follow him to the death,
Where the foeman's fiercest columns are!
O, we will use our latest breath,
Cheering for every sacred star!
His to marshal us high and far;
Ours to battle, as patriots can
When a Hero leads the Holy War!—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

Edmund Clarence Stedman,

From "Collected Poems,"
Houghton Mifflin Co.

CONTENT

MY crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called Content;
A crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

William Shakespeare.

THE DREAMS AHEAD

Luther Burbank is known the world over for his success in plant breeding. But his success is as nothing to his vision of the success yet to be won by generations on generations of scientific minds. He says that plant development is to-day where electrical development was fifty years ago—just begun. If dreams may thus affect vast fields of activity, how do they affect one's individual fortunes? Years ago a boy, one-quarter Indian, three-quarters white, who had spent five years in Topeka, Kansas, decided to return to the reservation near by. His grandmother, a full-blooded Kaw, dissuaded him. She told him that among the Indians his opportunities would be limited, among the whites unlimited. He took her advice. To-day he is leader of the majority in the United States Senate. His name is Charles Curtis.

WHAT would we do in this world of ours,
Were it not for the dreams ahead?
For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;
When his lips are pressed to the wormwood's cup,
And clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of a high estate,
To some it's a dream of wealth;
To some it's a dream of a truce with Fate
In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;
To some it's a crown above;
The dreams ahead are what make each life—
The dreams—and faith—and love!

Edwin Carlisle Litsey.

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY

A word of kindness or encouragement makes the going easier—sometimes for the speaker as well as for the person addressed. A man walking along a dark street was hardly aware that a child was bound in the same direction until a tiny hand was thrust into his. "I thought," explained the child, "you might be feeling afraid."

WHEN a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind
o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sun-
shine through,
It's a great thing, Oh my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart:
You can't look up and meet his eyes—you don't know
what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o'
way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and
its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good worl' after all;
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what
I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Anonymous.

(Wrongly attributed to James Whitcomb Riley).

LIFE'S END

WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies":
And "Dust to Dust" concludes her noblest song.

Edward Young.

THE AMBITIOUS OYSTER

The foibles of men who overreach themselves may be seen in this fable of an oyster.

AN oyster lived in an oyster shell
As oysters usually do;
He slept each night in an oyster bed
When work for the day was through.
An oyster he was, like all the rest,
Except ambition gnawed his breast.

The empty shell of a giant clam
He found one day in the sea.
"Ah, ha! What luck!" he cried to himself,
" 'Twill make a fine house for me."
He pried himself from his own small shell,
And into the bigger one went to dwell.

The foolish admired his rise in life;
The envious burned with hate;
But common-sense oysters ignored him quite—
They knew he was not great.
"His suit's so large"—some folks *will* twit—
"He doesn't fill out the half of it!"

From his roomy abode he looked with scorn
Upon all the smaller fry;
And thought, "Ah, surely there never have been
An oyster as big as I."
He now had worries and trouble and care—
The price he paid to have fools stare.

Fate tempted him on with a turtle-shell—
The turtle had long since died.
"At last a place that is *fit* for me";
So he promptly crawled inside.
"Bah! How have I dwelt in the shell of a clam?
A place too cramped for the oyster I AM!"

The shell was so large and he so small
He tumbled and flopped about.
The waves washed high, and a sudden jolt
Sent the oyster sprawling out.
A hungry fish swam by just then—
The oyster was never heard of again!

Joseph Morris.

UNCONQUERED

A man may have unconquerable purpose even when he has not unconquerable power. "This I resolved on," says Bunyan—"to run, when I can; to go, when I cannot run; and to creep, when I cannot go."

I HAVE fallen once, I have fallen thrice,
And my wounds are sad to see;
Yet, brothers of mine, take these for sign
That I fought courageously.

If my comrades found it an easy thing
To pass where I suffered sore,
Shall they hold me then to the scorn of men
That I struggled and strove the more?

Forever God giveth his chosen wings,
Yet the goal is set for all,
And swift and high may the wingèd fly
Where the earth-bound needs must crawl.

And my wounds, my bleeding, my strife, my tears
Shall cry of my victory,
For they prove each one that I did not shun
The path that the weaklings flee.

Theodosia Garrison.

From "The Earth Cry,"
Mitchell Kennerley.

THE CURFEW BELL

The woods are full of I-can't-help-it people. They deplore an evil, but do nothing toward its correction. The I'll-attend-to-that people, on the contrary, first set themselves a goal and then, if unable to attain it in one way, attain it in another. One autumn Sherwood Anderson's mother found it necessary to restock the larder. The boys of the neighborhood had a habit of bombarding houses with cabbage-heads on Hallowe'en in order to startle the persons within doors. The future novelist's mother made up her mind to be badly frightened on this occasion and to raise a loud outcry. As a result, her household received hilarious attention—and a plentiful supply of cabbage-heads.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops
far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden
fair,—
He with steps so slow and weary; she with sunny floating
hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she, with lips
all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not
ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the
prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, moss-grown walls, dark,
damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew; and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset"; and her lips grew
strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring
to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her
young heart
Like a gleaming death-winged arrow, like a deadly poi-
soned dart),

"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour.

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right: Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Curfew bell must ring to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow;

And within her heart's deep center Bessie made a solemn vow.

She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,—

"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must die*."

And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;

One low murmur, faintly spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,

Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before.

Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and brow aglow,

Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;

Then she climbed the slimy ladder, on which fell no ray of light,

Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;

Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.

See! the ponderous tongue is swinging; 'tis the hour of curfew now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath,
and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with
sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly: "*Curfew shall not
ring to-night!*"

Out she swung,—far out. The city seemed a speck of
light below,—
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro.
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf heard not
the bell,
Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair
face white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "*Curfew shall
not ring to-night!*"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that
she had done
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with golden beauty, agèd sires, with heads
of white,
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one
sad night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell. Bessie sees him;
and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised
and torn;

And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the anguish
it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with
misty light.
"Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell. "Curfew shall
not ring to-night!"

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner forth
to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darken-
ing English sky
Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-
light sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his
feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face
upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me; curfew will
not ring to-night."

Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

ALLIES

A resolute spirit is the stoutest ally.

WE all like allies—
Big brothers, fair skies,
The backing of bankers,
A cure for all cankers,
Unchanged public favor
When matters go ill;
But though these uphold us
When troubles enfold us,
Yet surer and braver
Than these
Is *I will*.

St. Clair Adams.

UNREST

Content offers us naught but that which we have already.
Every new acquisition, every step in advance is the reward of
unrest and rebellion.

A FIERCE unrest seethes at the core
Of all existing things:
It was the eager wish to soar
That gave the gods their wings.

From what flat wastes of cosmic slime,
And stung by what quick fire,
Sunward the restless races climb!—
Men risen out of mire!

There throbs through all the worlds that are
This heart-beat hot and strong,
And shaken systems, star by star,
Awake and glow in song.

But for the urge of this unrest
These joyous spheres were mute;
But for the rebel in his breast
Had man remained a brute.

When baffled lips demanded speech,
Speech trembled into birth—
(One day the lyric word shall reach
From earth to laughing earth)—

When man's dim eyes demanded light
The light he sought was born—
His wish, a Titan, scaled the height
And flung him back the morn!

From deed to dream, from dream to deed,
From daring hope to hope,
The restless wish, the instant need,
Still lashed him up the slope!

I sing no governed firmament,
Cold, ordered, regular—
I sing the stinging discontent
That leaps from star to star!

Don Marquis.

From "Dreams and Dust,"
Doubleday, Page & Co.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

Nature goes her own way, mindless of man, effacing the signs of his destructiveness, drowning his discords in the music and the beauty of her creative work. It is well that she should, else the evidences of our old sorrows, animosities, and failures would overwhelm us. Yet great human causes must be kept alive and human martyrdom must not be in vain. So felt the young poet-soldier who foresaw that he would soon join his dead fellows in their cross-marked graves among the poppies.

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae.

From "Poems,"
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

Too many of us hang around and wait for somebody else to tell us what to do. We should tell ourselves—and perhaps others also. Joseph Chamberlain once said: "On every committee of thirteen persons there are twelve who go to the meetings having given no thought to the subject and ready to receive instructions. One goes with his mind made up to give those instructions. I make it my business to be that one."

WE have faith in old proverbs full surely,
For wisdom has traced what they tell,
And truth may be drawn up as purely
From them as it may from a "well."
Let us question the thinkers and doers,
And hear what they honestly say,
And you'll find they believe, like bold wooers,
In "Where there's a will there's a way."

The hills have been high for man's mounting,
The woods have been dense for his ax,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
The sands have been wide for his tracks,
The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been broad for his sway,
But bravely he's proved by his striving,
That "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye vices that ask a destroyer,
Or passions that need your control?
Let Reason become your employer,
And your body be ruled by your soul.
Fight on, though ye bleed at the trial,
Resist with all strength that ye may,
Ye may conquer Sin's host by denial,
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does suffering weigh down your might?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.

Oh! much may be done by defying
The ghost of Despair and Dismay,
And much may be gained by relying
On "Where there's a will there's a way."

Should you see afar off that worth winning,
Set out on a journey with trust,
And ne'er heed though your path at beginning
Should be among brambles and dust.
Though it is by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart and be sure you go through it,
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

Eliza Cook.

AMBITION'S TRAIL

We do not strive for ourselves alone. Whether we wish it or not, we constantly strive in behalf of others.

IF all the end of this continuous striving
Were simply *to attain*,
How poor would seem the planning and contriving
The endless urging and the hurried driving
Of body, heart and brain!

But ever in the wake of true achieving,
There shines this glowing trail—
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving
New strength and hope, in its own power believing,
Because *thou* didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory, nor the sorrow,
If thou dost miss the goal,
Undreamed of lives in many a far to-morrow
From thee their weakness or their force shall
borrow—
On, on, ambitious soul.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

From "Custer and Other Poems,"
W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago, Ill.

OLD IRONSIDES

Holmes, when a law student barely past his twenty-first birthday, read a newspaper paragraph to the effect that the historic old frigate *Constitution*, popularly called *Old Ironsides*, was condemned for destruction by the Navy Department. With a lead pencil he dashed off the following stanzas. Published in a newspaper, they were copied and recopied throughout the country and roused such a furor that the Secretary of the Navy made haste to revoke the order. It was a lesson we needed in reverence for past heroism. It was also, as has been pointed out, probably the only instance in which a college boy's verses changed a government policy.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

POLITENESS

A man once boasted to the Spartans that he could stand longer on one leg than any other human being. The Spartans answered contemptuously that a common goose could beat him at his own game. So it is with impoliteness; the qualities necessary to display it are not of a very noble kind. True politeness, on the other hand, wins respect and affection. Billy Evans, the umpire, says he must have miscalled first and last a good many strikes on Walter Johnson, yet had never had even a dirty look from him. Sometimes the catcher was outraged, but Johnson would wave him back and say, "That one was no good. It was too low." Naturally, Evans thinks Johnson about the finest man who ever wore a baseball uniform.

IN my youth I knew an aleck who was most exceeding smart, and his flippant way of talking often broke the hearer's heart. He was working for a grocer in a little corner store, taking down the wooden shutters, sweeping up the greasy floor, and he always answered pertly, and he had a sassy eye, and the people often asked him if he wouldn't kindly die. Oh, the festive years skedaddled, and the children of that day, now are bent beneath life's burdens, and their hair is turning gray; and the flippant one is toiling in the same old corner store, taking down the ancient shutters, sweeping up the greasy floor. In the same old sleepy village lived a springald so polite that to hear him answer questions was a genuine delight; he was working in a foundry where they dealt in eggs and cheese, and the work was hard and tiresome, but he always tried to please. And to-day he's boss of thousands, and his salary's sky high—and his manner's just as pleasant as it was in days gone by. It's an idle, trifling story, and you doubtless think it flat, but its moral might be pasted with some profit in your hat.

Walt Mason.

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OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

This poem, with its humble spirit and melancholy strain, was one of Lincoln's favorites.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and the infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;
The eyes of the sage, and the heart of the brave,—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved,—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed,—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ah! they died;—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

This poem, though it might be applied to any period or condition, was written when the United States was agitated over the proposal to annex Texas. Lowell opposed annexation because he felt it would mean the opening of new territory to slavery.

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the
broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem
of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to
and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips
apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath
the Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies
with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by
the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler
clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right
or wrong;

Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast
frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy
or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal
claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and
that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt
stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is
strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from
all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments
see,
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through
Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet
earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath
passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but
record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and
the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim
unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above
his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is
great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm
of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave
within,—
"They enslave their children's children who make com-
promise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched
the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer
day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;—
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless chil-
dren play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous
to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had
denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were souls
that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious
stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam
incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith
divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's
supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I
track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns
not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each genera-
tion learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-
hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to
heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr
stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his
hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling
fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a
crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men
behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the
Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender
spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them
across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors
to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-
fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our
haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral
lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of
to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient
good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must
Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-
rusted key.

James Russell Lowell.

A FOUR LEAF CLOVER

WHAT we call Luck is simply Pluck,
And the doing things over and over;
Courage and will, perseverance and skill,
Are the four leaves of Luck's clover.

Anonymous.

IN THE BEGINNING

"All men's souls are immortal, but the souls of the righteous are immortal and divine."—*Socrates*.

THE great God dreamed a dream through me,
Mighty as dream of God could be;
He made me a victorious man,
Shaped me unto a perfect plan,
Summoned me forth to radiant birth
Upon the radiant earth.
He lavished gifts within my hand,
Gave me the power to command
The thundering forces that he hurled
Upon the seething world. . . .
Creation's dream was wondrous good
Had I but understood.
The great God dreamed a dream through me,
But I was blind and could not see.
My royal gifts were laid in rust,
For parentage, I claimed the dust.
Decay and sorrow, age and blight—
These gifts I deemed my right.

The great God spoke a word through me—
That word was *Life*. How can it be
That I, in God's own substance made,
Should face the universe, afraid?
Born of eternal life am I—
Why should I fail and die?
O God, so huge was thine intent,
So greatly was thy passion spent,
This counterfeit is not the plan
That Thou didst dream for man.
'Tis this: Man's dream must mate with thine.
Man's word, man's life, must be divine;
Man must be conscious through and through
To make Thy dream come true!

Angela Morgan.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Hour Has Struck,"
Dodd, Mead & Co.

JUST WHISTLE A BIT

Cheerfulness renews courage, as Antæus felt his strength renewed whenever he touched mother Earth.

JUST whistle a bit, if the day be dark,
And the sky be overcast;
If mute be the voice of the piping lark,
Why, pipe your own small blast.

And it's wonderful how o'er the gray sky-track
The truant warbler comes stealing back.
But why need he come? for your soul's at rest,
And the song in the heart,—ah, that is best.

Just whistle a bit, if the night be drear
And the stars refuse to shine:
And a gleam that mocks the starlight clear
Within you glows benign,

Till the dearth of light in the glooming skies
Is lost to the sight of your soul-lit eyes.
What matters the absence of moon or star?
The light within is the best by far.

Just whistle a bit, if there's work to do,
With the mind or in the soil.
And your note will turn out a talisman true
To exorcise grim Toil.

It will lighten your burden and make you feel
That there's nothing like work as a sauce for a meal.
And with song in your heart and the meal in—its
place,
There'll be joy in your bosom and light in your face.

Just whistle a bit, if your heart be sore
'Tis a wonderful balm for pain.
Just pipe some old melody o'er and o'er
Till it soothes like summer rain.

And perhaps 'twould be best in a later day,
When Death comes stalking down the way,
To knock at your bosom and see if you're fit,
Then, as you wait calmly, just whistle a bit.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

From "Complete Poems,"
Dodd, Mead & Co.

LIFE IS STRUGGLE

The goal we struggle for is not after all the true one. The struggle itself is the true goal. Since there is no such thing as life without struggle, we should make the struggle strenuous and manly. Roosevelt once said: "In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

TO wear out heart, and nerves, and brain,
And give oneself a world of pain;
Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
Imperious, supple—God knows what,
For what's all one to have or not;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain!
For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
It is not in itself a bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us all alive.

To say we truly feel the pain,
And quite are sinking with the strain;—
Entirely, simply, undecieved,
Believe, and say we ne'er believed
The object, e'en were it achieved,
A thing we e'er had cared to keep;
With heart and soul to hold it cheap,
And then to go and try it again;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain!
O, 'tis not joy, and 'tis not bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us still alive.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

TRUE HEROISM

A Spartan boy, challenged while he was carrying a fox under his cloak, let the animal tear his vitals out rather than betray the fact that he had it. The lower impulses against which every human being must struggle are hidden from other people, as the fox was. They may lacerate us; but if we are brave, they cannot, like the fox, destroy us.

LET others write of battles fought,
Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed,
The bravest man who ere drew sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle, to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume, and drum;
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread;
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart!
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free.

He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

Anonymous.

WHAT INDEED?

"Cheer up; the worst is yet to come." This slogan, popular a few years ago, still has much to commend it. A much-traveled lady was once airing the extent of her experience. "When I was in Japan, I saw this. . . . When I was in Greece, I saw that." "Madam," interrupted one of her auditors, "did you ever have the D. T.'s?" "Of course not." "Then you've never seen ANYTHING."

THE road's a trifle hard ahead;
What of it?
With shadows somewhat thickly spread;
What of it?
Since when has life been turned into
A clover patch where dreams come true?
You've got hard work to scramble through—
What of it?
You say the luck is breaking tough?
What of it?
The deal's unfair—the scrap is rough—
What of it?
The top is always on a hill
With many a sharp and sudden spill,
And if the gales are raw and shrill
What of it?
They've slammed you back at every start?
What of it?
They've held you to a minor part?
What of it?
Since when, where frowning ramparts barred,
Has any quitter ever starved?
You may be battered, bruised and scarred—
What of it?

Grantland Rice.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Sportlight."

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

This incident illustrates, not only the love of the French soldiers for Napoleon, but also their dashing and spectacular valor.

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes ;
 "You're wounded !" "Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 "I'm killed, Sire !" And his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

CONQUERING FATE

During the War of 1812 a young officer was shot in the thigh with a barbed arrow. "Pull out that arrow," he bade a soldier. The soldier said he couldn't. The officer drew a pistol. "I'll shoot you if you don't." The arrow removed, he rushed into the battle again. Many years later he led the Texans in their struggle for independence. After terrible marches and a fight against odds, he defeated the Mexicans and captured their leader. Under the nose of that leader he thrust a gnawed ear of corn. "Do you *ever* expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, when their general can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?" Santa Anna didn't. He agreed that Texas should belong to the people of Sam Houston's race.

I LIKE the man who faces what he must
 With step triumphant and a heart of cheer ;
 Who fights the daily battle without fear ;
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
 That God is God ; that somehow, true and just
 His plans work out for mortals ; not a tear
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
 Falls from his grasp ; better, with love, a crust
 Than living in dishonor ; envies not,
 Nor loses faith in man ; but does his best
 Nor ever mourns over his humbler lot,
 But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
 To every toiler ; he alone is great,
 Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

Sarah K. Bolton.

From "The Youth's Companion."

THE MUSHROOM AND THE OAK

This parable is for the won't-take-time-to-grow people; people who want short cuts to education, prominence, wealth; people who have an eye for the ridgepole but none for the foundation. The question is whether one should set more value on present show than on future attainment. The plodder who keeps faithfully at it accomplishes more than if he were blessed, or cursed, with spasmodic brilliance.

A MUSHROOM popped through the ground
one day

Where the soil was wet with the dew,
And it looked about in its mushroom way,

And saw that a sapling grew
Close by, and being inclined to chat

A bit since its sudden birth,
It asked, with a nod of its umbrella hat,
"How long have you been on earth?"

"Some three or four years or more," said the tree;

The mushroom's amazement grew:

"Such a scrawny thing I never did see—
A broom's bigger round than you!"

"I came from an acorn, but will be an oak,"

The sapling humbly replied.
The mushroom swaggered a bit as it spoke,
It could not conceal its pride.

"Now just look at me—I was born last night—
My head measures twice your size.

I feel so utterly sorry for you
I swear there are tears in my eyes."

The sapling bent as the wind came along,
And rustled its leaves in the breeze:

"I grow very slow but I grow very strong;
It's the way, I think, of all trees."

The mushroom asked when the sun burned hot,

"Where, friend, do you get a drink?"
"My roots reach down to a cool moist spot."

"Long roots are a bother, I think."

The mushroom's edge curled up in the sun;
It shriveled away and grew brown.
"I fear I shall choke ere the day is done—
Please let your shade fall down.
Oh thanks for sending that shadow my way,
It refreshes me like a fountain;
I'll let you rest on my side some day
When I grow as big as a mountain."

The oak heard a gasp, a groan, a sputter—
The mushroom lay in a heap!
Of its mountain-size it tried to mutter,
And then fell forever asleep.
The tree was sorry to see such an end
For one so proud at the dawn;
Only dust was left of his upstart friend,
And that the cows trod on.

They switched their tails in the shade of this oak,
That grew as the years went by,
A noble tree from a funny slow-poke,
A giant that loomed 'gainst the sky.

Joseph Morris.

MIND

'TIS the Mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

William Shakespeare.

FELLOW WHO HAD DONE HIS BEST

That he shall do his best is all that can reasonably be asked of any man. That is, unless he does his best as the negro did his part when solicited for a donation to the library. "Ah figgers," said he, "dat w'en Ah goes over dah and reads de papers ever' day, Ah's 'bout done mah paht."

FELLOW who had done his best
Went one morning to his rest;
Never lip his forehead pressed—
Not one rose on his still breast.
But the angels knew that day
How along the rocky way
He had traveled for that rest—
Fellow who had done his best!

No one, as he trudged along,
Knew the sigh was in the song;
No one heard his poor heart beat
Where the sharp thorns pierced his feet.
But that day—the day he died—
There were angels at his side,
Angels singing him to rest—
Fellow who had done his best.

For the room was strangely bright,
And his face, in morning light,
Had a smile that seemed to say:
"After darkness comes the day!
All the grief—the gloom is past,
And the morning's mine at last!"
Far he'd traveled for that rest—
Fellow who had done his best.

Never sermon, song or sigh
Went that day toward the sky;
But God's lilies—violets sweet,
Decked his grave at head and feet;

And the birds, in shadows dim,
Sang their sweetest over him.
He that went that way for rest—
Fellow who had done his best.

Frank L. Stanton.

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"The Atlanta Constitution."

THE FAILURES

To have failed is hard enough, without being made to feel
the scorn of those who succeeded.

WE who have failed, remember this of us—
Oh you, whose hands have grasped the luminous
And lovely thing that is your soul's desired,
Though once we fell and blundered on the
way,
Though now we turn shamed faces from the
day,
Remember this—that once we too aspired.

We who have failed through weakness or surmise,
Be gentle with us if we turn our eyes
Sometimes from sight of those victorious,
Crowned and exultant on the farthest height,
Seeing that once we watched our arms by
night,
Seeing that once we dreamed to triumph thus.

We who have failed in life and love and task,
Surely not overmuch this gift we ask.
Be not too scornful, you, whose glorious,
Undaunted souls pressed on through flood
and fire,
Of those too weak to grasp a great desire.
We who have failed, remember this of us.

Theodosia Garrison.

From "The Joy o' Life,"
Mitchell Kennerley.

MY STOUT OLD HEART AND I

In most of our wars America has suffered because her troops were enlisted for short periods of service. Just when the men were becoming seasoned, their term expired. It was not until men enlisted for extended campaigns or, better, for the war that they became true comrades in arms and won needed victories.

MY stout old heart and I are friends,
Two bivouac friends together!
Nor daily wars, nor daily blows,
Have called out our white feather.
We've listed till the campaign ends—
For calm or stormy weather.

My stout old heart and I have been
Through serious scenes of trouble.
We've been denied; our hopes have died;
Our load's been more than double,
And yet we've lived. And we have seen
Some griefs in Lethe bubble.

My stout old heart and I have fought
Some bitter fights to ending;
And if or not we've victory got,
We've not been hurt past mending!
The wounds are all in front we've caught,
And easier for the tending.

My stout old heart and I, you see,
We understand each other.
Old comrade true, my hand to you!
On honor, tell me whether
You're daunted yet?—"To arms!" beats he,
"Retreat is for another!"

Eyes right! Guide center! Forward march!
Dress where the colors fly!
Six feet of ground or triumph's arch—
My stout old heart and I!

E. Hough.

BECOMING A MAN

Character cannot be weighed in pounds.

I USED to think, when I was small, that all I need to do
To be a man, was just grow up. That was before I knew
So much of grown-up males who lack as much that man-
hood needs
As when they were but juveniles and dreamed of manly
deeds.
So I have learned this much, at least, since when my life
began:
It takes much more than growing up to be a real man.

"When I grow up and be a man," you hear the small
boys say,
As if by merely growing large they should be men some
day.
But, knowing manhood's requisites in larger sense, they'll
learn
There's much besides their body growth for which they
ought to yearn.
The stately St. Bernard is more than just a larger pup—
It takes much more to be a man, than just a-growing up!

Fine breadth of vision, self-control, a boundless charity,
A gentler tongue, a stronger faith, more perfect clarity
In spirit-vision; patience vast—more patience still, and
more;
Wisdom to know—and to forget—all that has gone
before;
Courage to smile though sorrow fill unto its brim your
cup—
More is required, to make a man, than merely growing
up!

Strickland Gillilan.

From "Including You and Me,"
Forbes & Co.

NOT UNDERSTOOD

Cooper's novel *The Spy*, the basic situation of which was taken from life, portrays a peddler whom our Revolutionary forefathers ostracized and persecuted because he was considered a secret agent of the British. Not until long afterward was it learned that in playing this detested rôle he had been serving his country, had been obtaining for George Washington information of the greatest value.

NOT understood. We move along asunder.
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life? And then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die—
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the
age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go—
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroys long years of friendship, and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another; they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood.

Thomas Bracken.

From "Musings in Maoriland."

THE CERTAIN VICTORY

"True courage is like a kite; a contrary wind raises it higher."
Of the truth of this saying the following poem gives a good
illustration.

WHY should I sit in doubt or fear? If I
Awake some morning from that dreaded sleep
To find myself new-born and lifted high,
Then I will turn, and, looking o'er the deep
That lies beneath me, shout for glee and throw
A last good-by at Pain and Fear, below.

But what if, at the last, no light shall break—
If this is all—if when I fall asleep
No angel's voice shall sweetly cry "Awake,"
And there shall be but Nothing, dark and deep—
Ah, well, I shall not care if it be so,
I'll triumph still, for I shall never know.

S. E. Kiser.

Permission of the Author.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS

Rienzi was a Roman of the fourteenth century who sought to restore the ancient glory and power of his city. He overthrew the nobles and for a time ruled Rome, but proved himself vain and tyrannical, and at last was slain.

I COME not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises in his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame,—
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell,—a name!

Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile

Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, disdained,
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash.

Yet this is Rome
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! and we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!

And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free.

Mary Russell Mitford.

MAY IT BE MINE

By sharing in the joy of another we increase it. By sharing
in the woe of another we diminish it.

IF any round about me play,
And dance and sing in glad array,
And laugh and cheer,
May it be mine to see and hear.

If any toil at noble things,
And strive the higher levellings
To reach and win,
May it be mine to join therein.

If any grieve or suffer pain,
And tears fall like the summer rain
From troubled skies,
May it be mine to sympathize!

John Kendrick Bangs.

From "Songs of Cheer."
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SAND

A man whose hold is unsteady has no business wielding an ax, swinging a baseball bat, or steering a bobsled. Whatever your job, you should for your own sake, if not for that of others, make sure of your grip.

I OBSERVED a locomotive in the railroad yards one day,
It was waiting in the roundhouse where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;
And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track,
If your load is rather heavy you're always slipping back;
So, if a common locomotive you completely understand,
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,
If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost,
That you're liable to slip up on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen
If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong
machine.

And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of
speed that's grand,

If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

Anonymous.

"TOLLABLE WELL!"

We are prone to forget the art of striking averages. We see some calamity in the present, and do not reflect that past benefits and future promises overbalance it. Nay, we do not see the present itself as a whole, but only in part; for when all is reckoned, the assets exceed the liabilities. Helen Keller, who lacks the power to hear, or to see, not only has accomplished much; she thinks life emphatically worth while.

SPITE o' the tempests a-blowin',
Still had one story to tell:
Bright, sunny weather, or snowin',
Allus felt "tollable well."

Half o' the settlement sighin'—
Things gone to ruin, pell-mell!
Never did hear him a-cryin'—
Allus felt "tollable well!"

'Course he had trouble an' sorrow
(Come to us all fer a spell),
But, seein' a brighter to-morrow,
He allus felt "tollable well."

Frank L. Stanton.

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LAND ON YOUR FEET

When Drake in the *Golden Hind* was ravaging the Spanish territory along the western coast of South America, the Spaniards sent ships to cut off his retreat through the Straits of Magellan. This done, they were sure they had him. But Drake struck across the Pacific, an ocean the Spaniards regarded as their own, and became the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe.

YOU take a cat up by the tail,
And whirl him round and round,
And hurl him out into the air,
Out into space profound,
He through the yielding atmosphere
Will many a whirl complete;
But when he strikes upon the ground
He'll land upon his feet.

Fate takes a man, just like a cat,
And, with more force than grace,
It whirls him wiggling round and round,
And hurls him into space;
And those that fall upon the back,
Or land upon the head,
Fate lets them lie there where they fall—
They're just as good as dead.

But some there be that, like the cat,
Whirl round and round and round,
And go gyrating off through space,
Until they strike the ground;
But when at last the ground and they
Do really come to meet,
You'll always find them right side up—
They land upon their feet.

And such a man walks off erect,
Triumphant and elate,
And with a courage in his heart
He shakes his fist at fate;

Then fate with a benignant smile
Upon its face outspread,
Puts forth its soft, caressing hand
And pats him on the head.

And he's fate's darling from that day,
His triumph is complete;
Fate loves the man who whirls and whirls,
But lands upon his feet.
That man, whate'er his ups and downs,
Is never wholly spurned,
Whose perpendicularity
Is never overturned.

Sam Walter Foss.

From "Whiffs from Wild Meadows,"
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

A MATTER OF DIRECTION

It's not who we are, nor where we are. It's all in the direction
we face.

SIDE by side on the sands of the beach
Two children sat and pondered;
But one faced south and one faced north,
And their pensive looks ne'er wandered.
I said, "While the sands on your bare, brown feet
Beat their warm, fond bastinado,
What gaze you at?" One said, "The sun";
The other said, "My shadow."

Side by side on the sands of life
We stand while the days are passing,
And the eyes of the soul which needs must glean
Are varied stores amassing.
Your eyes gaze dim on arid murk,
Mine bright on an El Dorado—
The gloom is your own; if you face the sun,
You will never see your shadow.

St. Clair Adams.

A PHILOSOPHY

Obstacles call for the exercise of our full energy. They develop us. If a steamship goes against a hard wind, its fires burn more fiercely. If such birds as the dove, the albatross, and the eagle fly against the wind, they are said to buffet their way along more swiftly. If a hyena comes upon the bones which a lion has gnawed and abandoned, he cracks them with his powerful jaws, sucks out the marrow, and even crunches and swallows the bones themselves for the acids of his stomach to dissolve.

THIS, then, is the main idea I hold—
Existence, where it can, holds each at bay;
It may be heat or hunger, pain or cold,
But there is always something in the way
That each must batter down to reach the goal
Which does not lead to any flare or flame,
But say—a certain hardness of soul
That does not fear the rigor of the game.

I, too, would like to dream of pleasant ease,
Of soft and gentle living, free of ills,
And yet I know, beyond the summer trees,
The storms of winter hurry through the hills.
I know how hard the hand of fate can fall
On those too safely sheltered from all pain,
Too long unscarred to stand and take it all
And then drive through to find some greater gain.

I know the storm may break in sullen mood
Where there may be no shelter in the vale,
Except the strong, wide roof of fortitude
That turns aside the lightning and the gale;
And if my share of trouble is too light,
While I, too long, walk over rockless ground,
I know some day that I must face the fight
Too poorly trained to last beyond a round.

Grantland Rice.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Spotlight."

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

The author of this famous dirge for Lincoln saw the great President many times during the war, and the two came to "exchange bows, and very cordial ones." He regarded Lincoln as "the greatest, best, most characteristic, artistic, moral personality" in our history. Lincoln, on his part, when informed who Whitman was, exclaimed with emphasis, "Well, *he* looks like a MAN."

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

This incident of the Crimean War illustrates the tenderness which underlies true bravery. The same quality is illustrated even more strikingly in a story told of General Lee at Gettysburg. As the great general withdrew from the field which he doubtless knew to be fatal to his cause, a wounded Federal soldier, recognizing him, shouted tauntingly, "Hurrah for the Union!" Lee dismounted and approached the prostrate soldier with intent, as the latter thought, to kill him. But the sorely tried leader merely grasped the man by the hand and said, "My son, I hope you will soon be well."

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell.
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor.

JOY CALLS FOR TWO

Sorrow is solitary, but joy demands company.

NATURE, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
Rich fruit! Heav'n planted! never pluck't by one.

Edward Young.

TO HIS MOTHER, C. L. M.

For every man a great sacrifice has been made. Every true man is gratefully mindful of it. When the squadron under Dewey arrived at Manila Bay just before the battle with the Spanish ships, a sailor asked permission to jump overboard for his coat, which somehow had fallen into the water. He was refused, jumped anyhow, climbed aboard again with the coat, and was promptly arrested. Dewey summoned the man and inquired why he had disobeyed orders. The sailor broke down. "In the pocket," he explained, "was my mother's picture, and I didn't want to lose it." Dewey had him released.

IN the dark womb where I began
My mother's life made me a man.
Through all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth.
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir
But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave
She cannot see the life she gave.
For all her love, she cannot tell
Whether I use it ill or well,
Nor knock at dusty doors to find
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the grave's gates would be undone,
She would not know her little son,
I am so grown. If we should meet,
She would pass by me in the street,
Unless my soul's face let her see
My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind
My debt to her and womankind?
What woman's happier life repays
Her for some months of wretched days?
For all my mouthless body leech'd
Ere Birth's releasing hell was reach'd?

What have I done, or tried, or said
In thanks to that dear woman dead?
Men triumph over women still,
Men trample women's rights at will,
And men's lust roves the world untamed,

O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed!

John Masefield.

From "The Story of the Round-House,"
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The Macmillan Co.

WANTED

It is pleasant to have company as we journey. But there is a vast difference between going along with the crowd and impelling the crowd to go along with us. "Some people tell me," declares Billy Sunday, "that I rub the fur the wrong way. My answer is, Let the cat turn round."

GOD give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready
hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor,—men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty, and in private thinking;

For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,—

Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

From "Complete Poetical Works,"
Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SOUL CAPTAINS

The man who grovels as he asks must be content with a pittance.

THE Guardian of the Gate looked down and watched
them coming on,
A close-knit rank of new-born souls treading the star-lit
dawn,
Shoulder to shoulder and step by step—sturdy as shades
might be—
And the Guardian of the Gate, perplexed, wondered
whom he should see.

“What souls are these?” he asked at last, “who hold
their heads erect:
Who bend no knee, whose eyes look up,—are they without
respect?”
The Captain lifted a steady hand, saluted and thus replied:
“We are the souls of the Men who Dared,—who lived
with courage—and died!

“We asked not why; we cared not why; we gave of our
best in the fight;
The bitter or sweet; the cruel or kind—each as he saw the
Light:
We did not wince when the whip-lash stung, but strove
by the rules we knew,
If you would have us on bended knee, none of us will
go through.”

The Guardian of the Gate, wide-eyed, nodded his haloed
head.
“This is the talk of the living,” he said, “and not the
speech of the dead.”
The Captain smiled. “We are dead, indeed—but habit is
strong in the soul
And the God we seek cares not to have men crawling to
reach the Goal.

"We lived and loved; we wrought and laughed; we did
what was given to do.
Not for rewards, and not through fright, but each to his
standard true:
That the Master within grants peace and joy to humans
made good through fear
We won't believe, and we can't believe—else why are we
summoned here?"

The Guardian opened the Gateway wide. "Enter!" was
his command,
"The depth and breadth of the Master's love at last ye
may understand!"

The Light of the Endless Peace shone down as he opened
the judgment roll
And found their names. They had earned their rest—
Captains of heart and soul!

Everard Jack Appleton.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Quiet Courage."
D. Appleton & Co.

NOW IS THE TIME

NOW is the time; ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear.
They may not meet you in the coming year.
Now is the time.

Ah, friends! dear friends—if any such there be,—
Keep not your loving thoughts away from me
Till I am gone.

I want them now to help me on the way,
As lonely watchers want the light of day
Ere it is morn.

D. F. Hodges.

IO VICTIS

True manhood lies in fighting bravely, not in receiving acclaim
as a victor.

I SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the
Battle of Life—

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-
whelmed in the strife;

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the re-
sounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the
chaplet of fame,—

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the
broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and
desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes
burned in ashes away,

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at,
who stood at the dying of day

With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied,
unheeded, alone,

With Death sweeping down o'er their failure, and all but
their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,—its pæan
for those who have won;

While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to
the breeze and the sun

Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, with thousands
of hurrying feet

Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on
the field of defeat—

In the shadow, with those who have fallen, and wounded,
and dying, and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted
brows, breathe a prayer,

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only
the victory win,

Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished
the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize
that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—
if need be, to die.”

Speak, History! Who are Life's victors? Unroll thy
long annals, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who
won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Ther-
mopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates?
Pilate or Christ?

William Wetmore Story.

TO-DAY

WHY fear to-morrow, timid heart?
Why tread the future's way?
We only need to do our part,
To-day, dear child, to-day.

The past is written! Close the book
On pages sad and gay;
Within the future do not look,
But live to-day—to-day.

'Tis this one hour God has given;
His Now we must obey;
And it will make our earth his heaven
To live to-day—to-day.

Lydia Avery Coonley Ward.

WASHINGTON BY THE DELAWARE

"When you get into a tight place," says Harriet Beecher Stowe, "and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, *never give up then*, for that's just the place and time that the tide'll turn."

THE snow was red with patriot blood,
The proud foe tracked the blood-red snow.
The flying patriots crossed the flood
A tattered, shattered band of woe.
Forlorn each barefoot hero stood,
With bare head bended low.

"Let us cross back! Death waits us here:
Recross or die!" the chieftain said.
A famished soldier dropped a tear—
A tear that froze as it was shed:
For oh, his starving babes were dear—
They had but this for bread!

A captain spake: "It cannot be!
These bleeding men, why, what could they?
'Twould be as snowflakes in the sea!"
The worn chief did not heed or say.
He set his firm lips silently,
Then turned aside to pray.

And as he kneeled and prayed to God,
God's finger spun the stars in space;
He spread his banner blue and broad,
He dashed the dead sun's stripes in place,
Till war walked heaven fire shod
And lit the chieftain's face:

Till every soldier's heart was stirred,
Till every sword shook in its sheath—
"Up! up! Face back. But not one word!"
God's flag above; the ice beneath—
They crossed so still, they only heard
The icebergs grind their teeth!

Ho! Hessians, hirelings at meat
While praying patriots hunger so!
Then, bang! Boom! Bang! Death and defeat!
And blood? Ay, blood upon the snow!
Yet not the blood of patriot feet,
But heart's blood of the foe!

O ye who hunger and despair!
O ye who perish for the sun,
Look up and dare, for God is there;
And man can do what man has done!
Think, think of darkling Delaware!
Think, think of Washington!

Joaquin Miller.

From "Complete Poetical Works,"
Harr Wagner Publishing. Co.

LIFE

LIFE is a seesaw that goes up and down,
Goes up and down, goes up and down;
First it's all sunshine and then it's all frown—
And still it goes up and down.

Life like a pendulum swings to and fro,
Swings to and fro, swings to and fro;
Laughter and teardrops, they come and they go—
And still it swings to and fro.

Life is a journey o'er valley and hill,
Valley and hill, valley and hill;
If all were level we'd soon have our fill—
So up and on with a will!

Joseph Morris.

GUNGA DIN

In this poem a British soldier who has served in India is back in England, perhaps near the great military camp at Aldershot. He is telling his new comrades of his Indian experiences. An acquaintance with certain words he uses will assist us in understanding the poem. *Bhisti* means "water carrier," *Panee lao* means "bring water quickly," *Harry By* is a rough equivalent for the Hindu "O brother!" *marrow you* means "hit you," *mussick* means "leather water-bag," and a *dooli* is a kind of litter.

YOU may talk o' gin an' beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.
He was "Din! Din! Din!
You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! *slippey hitherao*!
Water! get it! *Panee lao*!
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eye-brows
crawl,
We shouted "*Harry By*!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,

Then we wopped 'im cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some *juldee* in it
Or I'll *marrow* you this minute,
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the
green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green:
It was crawlin' an' it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;

'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a *dooli* lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I 'ope you like your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill an' no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I'll git a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!
Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

Rudyard Kipling.

COURAGE

Valor without discretion often becomes foolhardiness.

A VALIANT man
Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways,
He undertakes by reason, not by chance.
His valor is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseason'd without it.

Ben Jonson.

BEST O' FELLERS

"In uplifting," says George Ade, "get underneath." Some men so genuinely assume their natural place is underneath that they themselves do not know how much of the load they are carrying.

BEST o' fellers fur an' wide,
Never knowed it till he died.
Said all roun' the neighborhood
He was nachully "no good,"
Till one day he closed his eyes
To the worl' an' to the skies.
Last words that we heard him say:
"I wuz allus in the way:
Jest ain't wuth a tear or sigh:
Tell 'em all good-by—good-by!"

Best o' fellers, fur an' wide,
Never knowed it till he died.
Till poor souls aroun' him pressed
An' laid roses on his breast;
Till we heard beside him moan
Folks he'd helped all unbeknown;
Little childern roun' the place
Cryin'—kissin' his white face!
Best o' fellers, fur an' wide.
Never knowed it till he died.

Best o' fellers! . . . That's the way
We're a-doin' day by day,—
Findin' thorns in gardens sweet
When the flowers air at our feet!
Allus stumblin' in the night
When the mornin's jest in sight!
Holdin' of our love until
Hearts it might have helped air still.
Best o' fellers, fur an' wide.
Never knowed it till he died.

Frank L. Stanton.

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"The Atlanta Constitution."

BUT THEN

The boy who yells loudest, "Let me at him. Let me at him!"
is not the boy who fights hardest when he is turned loose.

JOHN OSWALD MUGUFFIN he wanted to die
'Nd bring his career to an end;
Of course, well—he didn't say nothin' to me—
But that's what he told every friend.
So one afternoon he went down to the pier,
'Nd folks saw him actin' most terribly queer;
He prayed 'nd he sung, put his hand up to cough
An' every one thought he was a-goin' to jump off—
But he didn't.
He may jump tomorrer
Mornin' at ten—
Said he was goin' to
Try it again—
But then.

John Oswald he said he was tired of the earth—
Of its turmoil and struggle and strife—
'Nd he made up his mind a long, long time ago
He was just bound t' take his own life;
'Nd the very next time 'at he started to shave,
Determined to die, he wus goin' t' be brave;
So he stood up 'nd flourished the knife in despair
'Nd every one thought 'at he'd kill himself there—
But he didn't.
He says 'at tomorrer
Mornin' at ten
He has a notion to
Try it again—
But then.

He went and bought arsenic, bought paris green,
'Nd cobalt 'nd all kinds of stuff
'Nd he took great delight in leaving it 'round—
Of course that was done for a bluff—

Then he rigged up his room with a horrible thing,
That would blow his head off by pullin' a string.
Folks heard the explosion—rushed up—on his bed
John Oswald was lyin'. They whispered, "He's dead."

But he wasn't.
He riz up 'nd said:
Couldn't say when
He'd fully decide to
Try it again—
But then.

Ben King.

From "Ben King's Verse,"
Copyright, 1894, by Asenath Bell King.
Forbes & Co.

TREES

Kilmer was another of the poet-victims of the World War.
This poem is a favorite with those who find in nature abiding
strength and serene encouragement.

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer.

From "Poems, Essays and Letters,"
Copyright, 1914, 1917, 1918,
George H. Doran Co.

ADMIRALS ALL

Most of the incidents here recorded are definitely historic. All of them typify the spirit of the great English naval commanders.

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honor be yours and fame!
And honor, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to sack;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turns, good
souls,"
And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sails were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two:
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colors aloft he flew.

"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will:
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound:
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head,
He clapped his glass to his sightless eye
And "I'm damned if I see it," he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Sir Henry Newbolt.

From "Admirals All and Other Poems,"
The John Lane Co.

THE BRAVE

THE brave do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their
tempers;
Freely without disguise they love or hate;
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Nicholas Rowe.

"DON'T CARE" AND "NEVER MIND"

The "don't care" attitude is the passive ally of suffering and evil. The "never mind" attitude is the sunny champion of the good which yet may be wrought.

"DON'T CARE" is no friend of mine.
I "don't care" for him.

When he comes it is a sign
Sense is growing dim.
He is not the thing of pride
Some folks seem to think.
Folly is his constant guide,
Bread and meat and drink.

Not to care when things go wrong,
Not to care when ill
Rises up to check your song,
And your heart to chill—
That were foolishness indeed
Of an arrant sort.
Nothing is too slight to heed
On the way to port.

But the sunny "Never Mind,"
He's a different wight.
Helps us when the day's inclined
Not to treat us right;
Softens every bitter blast,
Warms us when we're cold;
When the sky is overcast,
Keeps us blithe and bold.

Bids all sorrow go its way.
Helps us stay our tears,
And when life seems drear and gray,
Quiets all our fears.
When it comes to share and share,
I shall be resigned
If some other gets "Don't Care"—
I'll take "Never Mind!"

John Kendrick Bangs.

From "Songs of Cheer."
Permission of the Author's Estate.

RELIANCE

Success often comes—and encouragement lies in this fact—from the source or in the manner least expected. An old fable has it that a dying man told his lazy sons that gold was buried in the vineyard. They dug everywhere, and by stirring the soil about the roots of the vines produced an unprecedented harvest of grapes.

NOT to the swift, the race:
Not to the strong, the fight:
Not to the righteous, perfect grace:
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above:
Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

Henry van Dyke.

From "Poems of Henry van Dyke,"
Copyright, 1911,
Charles Scribner's Sons.

ON THINKING GLAD

An owl is blinded by the light. To him light is darkness.
Should we be spiritual owls?

NEVER mind a change of scene—
Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gaily at your door—
Surest cure for fretting.

Needn't fool yourself at all,
For there's no denying
E'en above a prison wall
Song-birds are aflying.
Wherefore hearken to the song,
Never mind the prison,
And you'll find your soul ere long
Unto freedom risen.

John Kendrick Bangs.

From "Songs of Cheer."
Permission of the Author's Estate.

IMAGINARY ILLS

BUT human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themsels to vex them.

Robert Burns.

DROP YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE

Some one asked Thoreau where he managed to find so many arrowheads. By way of reply he simply stooped and picked one up.

“O H, ship ahoy!” rang out the cry,
“Oh, give us water or we die!”

A voice came o’er the waters far,
“Just drop your bucket where you are.”
And then they dipped and drank their fill
Of water fresh from mead and hill;
And then they knew they sailed upon
The broad mouth of the Amazon.

O’er tossing wastes we sail and cry
“Oh, give us water or we die!”
On high, relentless waves we roll
Through arid climates for the soul;
’Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath
Smit with the thirst that drags to death,
And fail, while faint for fountains far,
To drop our buckets where we are.

Oh, ship ahoy! you’re sailing on
The broad mouth of the Amazon,
Whose mighty current flows and sings
Of mountain streams and inland springs,
Of night-kissed morning’s dewy balm,
Of heaven-dropt evening’s twilight calm,
Of nature’s peace in earth or star—
Just drop your bucket where you are.

Seek not for fresher founts afar,
Just drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship right onward leaps
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps;
Parch not your life with dry despair,
The stream of hope flows everywhere.
So, under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.

Sam Walter Foss.

From “Back Country Poems,”
Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE CONQUEROR

During the World War a transport carrying Australian soldiers was torpedoed by a submarine. No help was at hand, and all on board knew that the chance of escape was slight. In fact few of them did escape. But as the ship listed and settled, one of the soldiers raised a shout, "Are we downhearted?" The reply was instant and thunderous: "No!"

HERE I shall wait
To meet the rush of some relentless fate,
Content to know that I will be supreme
Against the bitter sword that life may wave;
Where I will hold to one eternal dream
Of valor riding roughshod to the grave.

Here I shall stand
Against misfortune, with its crushing hand,
And, though it crowd me to the lowest pit
Where I shall see no starlight in the sky,
Yet I shall struggle upward, bit by bit,
Until I see the white dawn drifting by.

For any soul
The fight is more important than the goal.
Strife, toil and struggle, with their share of pain,
Are winning trainers down the long, hard beat,
And fate, in all its fury, sweeps in vain
Against the soul that marches through defeat.

The game means more
Than any flare of glory from the score;
The dawn is brighter that we see at last
Through shadows blacker than the stain of sin;
And when we know the final fight is past,
What is there left worth while for me to win?

Grantland Rice.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Sportlight."

KEEP A-TRYING

Most of us mean well. But when with all our struggling we seem to get nowhere, our faith and perseverance are sorely tried. In such moments we should fasten our thoughts upon the fact that persistent effort is the price of success. We need, not inspiration, but sober encouragement. As George Eliot says, "Contented speckled hens, industriously scratching for the rarely found corn, may sometimes do more for a sick heart than a grove of nightingales."

SAY "I will!" and then stick to it—
That's the only way to do it.
Don't build up awhile and then
Tear the whole thing down again.
Fix the goal you wish to gain,
Then go at it heart and brain,
And, though clouds shut out the blue,
Do not dim your purpose true
 With your sighing.
Stand erect, and, like a man,
Know "They can who think they can."
 Keep a-trying.

Had Columbus, half seas o'er,
Turned back to his native shore,
Men would not, to-day, proclaim
Round the world his deathless name.
So must we sail on with him
Past horizons far and dim,
Till at last we own the prize
That belongs to him who tries
 With faith undying;
Own the prize that all may win
Who, with hope, through thick and thin
 Keep a-trying.

Nixon Waterman.

From "In Merry Mood,"
Forbes & Co.

PLAYING OFF BASE

We cannot expect all the breaks of the game to be in our favor. But unless we show courage and are willing to risk something, we cannot take advantage of the breaks even when they do come our way.

THE first time Loudermilk reached first base
He danced off, and presently grew bolder.
When the pitcher snapped the ball, the first baseman gave
a haul
And touched poor Loudy on the shoulder.
'Mid a storm of hoots and taunts Loud's feelings tumbled
down
From the mountain peaks of joy to lowly dingle,
And he muttered, rather blue, to the manager, "I knew
I couldn't score from first on a single."

The second time Loudermilk reached first base
He hugged the bag in terror of the razzle.
When the batter cracked out one, Loudy's chance to make
a run
Was exactly one ten-thousandth of a frazzle.
This time there were no boos, nor did mad applause ring
out
And Loud's nerves were not with triumph all a-tingle.
" 'Tis plain," growled he, "the case 'less a guy's on
second base,
He'll never gallop home on a single."

The third time Loudermilk reached first base
He took a chance again and captured second.
When the hit that followed came, his lone tally won the
game—
He was where he answered fortune when she beckoned.
Then the fans riz up and roared. Now it may be their
hurrahs
Were solely for the chap who got the bingle;
But the boy who took the risk and to old home-base could
frisk
Came from second, not from first, on the single.

St. Clair Adams.

FORWARD

You will never see driftwood floating upstream.

LET me stand still upon the height of life;
Much has been won, though much there is to
win.

I am a little weary of the strife;

Let me stand still awhile, nor count it sin
To cool my hot brow, ease the travel pain,
And then address me to the road again.

Long was the way, and steep and hard the climb;

Sore are my limbs, and fain I am to rest.
Behind me lie long sandy tracks of time;

Before me rises the steep mountain crest.
Let me stand still; the journey is half done,
And when less weary I will travel on.

There is no standing still! Even as I pause,
The steep path shifts and I slip back apace.

Movement was safety; by the journey-laws
No help is given, no safe abiding-place,
No idling in the pathway hard and slow:
I must go forward, or must backward go!

I will go up then, though the limbs may tire,
And though the path be doubtful and unseen;
Better with the last effort to expire

Than lose the toil and struggle that have been,
And have the morning strength, the upward strain,
The distance conquered, in the end made vain.

Ah, blessed law! for rest is tempting sweet,

And we would all lie down if so we might;
And few would struggle on with bleeding feet,
And few would ever gain the higher height,
Except for the stern law which bids us know
We must go forward or must backward go.

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey.
(*"Susan Coolidge"*)

From "A Few More Verses,"
Little, Brown & Co.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

It was Leap Year, and the woman asked: "Will you marry me? Have you any objections?" The man reflected that if he said either yes or no, he would find himself engaged. He therefore kept silent. Whereupon the woman said promptly: "Silence gives consent."

IT was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker, .
Before the Castle, say:
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"On—on!" exclaimed the hero,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Is *Fame* your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh:
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Is *Learning* your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode:
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Are *Riches* worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought:

To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says, with Roman courage,
 "I'll find a way, or make it!"

In *Love's* impassioned warfare
The tale has ever been,
That victory crowns the valiant,—
The brave are they who win:
Though strong is Beauty's castle,
A lover still may take it,
Who says, with Roman courage,
 "I'll find a way, or make it!"

John Godfrey Saxe.

From "Poetical Works,"
Houghton Mifflin Co.

A CHOICE

IF you must sit and sigh,
And have the blues,
Why don't you try
To realize
That there are sighs and sighs,
And blues and blues,
From which to choose?
There's Heavenly blues, and blues of tranquil seas,
Both pleasant—if you have them, pray have these;
And when you sigh, be like the turtle-dove,
Who knows not grief, and merely sighs for love.

John Kendrick Bangs.

From "Songs of Cheer."
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A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

In 1889 our immigration authorities at Ellis Island sent to the "detention pen" a deformed young German political refugee whose face was badly swollen from some illness contracted aboard ship. Such poor material for citizenship did he seem that he barely obtained admission to this country. Yet within him was that which would not falter and which speedily made him one of the greatest inventors of our time. What a blunder it would have been to pronounce Charles P. Steinmetz unworthy of American citizenship!

GIVE me courage, Lord, to sail
My boat out from the shore.
I'd rather know the ocean's gale
And hear the tempest's roar
Than anchor safely in some bay
Because fear conquered me.
Let craft less daring, inland stay—
Be mine the pathless sea.
What though my boat at last go down,
I know my courage shall not drown.

Oh grant me aspiration, Lord,
To seek the mountain's height;
The lowlands easy joy afford,
But there 'tis soonest night.
My eyes shall watch the sun-lit peak
As over rock and stone
I fall with ebbing strength, yet seek
The upward ways alone.
Though not far from the base I stop
My soul shall climb on to the top.

Give me a valiant spirit, Lord,
That bows not to defeat;
Though mine be but a broken sword
Face-forward I would meet
The onrush of my armored foes,
Nor beg on bended knee

That they withhold the fatal blows
Which they intend for me.
The victory's mine if my last breath
Dare bid defiance still to death.

Joseph Morris.

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

Few men are remorselessly honest in their estimate of themselves. And the man who judges himself too leniently does not judge others leniently enough.

JUST stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I."
Note, closely as in other men you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat.
Pick flaws, find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with "he" as substitute for "I,"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

Strickland Gillilan.

From "Including Finnigan,"
Forbes & Co.

THE LUNGER

Some one has said that real thrift consists in keeping a fly in one's bedroom instead of having an alarm clock. Thrift in happiness consists in turning affliction into song.

JACK would laugh an' joke all day;
Never saw a lad so gay;
Singin' like a medder lark,
Loaded to the Plimsoll mark
With God's sunshine was that boy;
Had a strangle-holt on Joy.
Held his head 'way up in air,
Left no callin' cards on Care;
Breezy, buoyant, brave and true;
Sent his sunshine out to you;
Cheerfulest when clouds was black—
Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

Sittin' in my shack alone
I could hear him in his own,
Singin' far into the night,
Till it didn't seem just right
One man should corral the fun,
Live his life so in the sun;
Didn't seem quite natural
Not to have a grouch at all;
Not a trouble, not a lack—
Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

He was plumbful of good cheer
Till he struck that low-down year;
Got so thin, so little to him,
You could most see day-light through him.
Never was his eye so bright,
Never was his cheek so white.
Seemed as if somethin' was wrong,
Sort o' quaver in his song.
Same old smile, same hearty voice:
"Bless you, boys! let's all rejoice!"

But old Doctor shook his head:
"Half a lung," was all he said.
Yet that half was surely right,
For I heard him every night,
Singin', singin' in his shack—
Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

Then one day a letter came
Endin' with a female name;
Seemed to get him in the neck,
Sort o' pile-driver effect;
Paled his lip and plucked his breath,
Left him starin' still as death.
Somethin' had gone awful wrong,
Yet that night he sang his song.
Oh, but it was good to hear!
For there clutched my heart a fear,
So that I quaked listenin'
Every night to hear him sing.
But each day he laughed with me,
An' his smile was full of glee.
Nothin' seemed to set him back—
Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

Then one night the singin' stopped . . .
Seemed as if my heart just flopped;
For I'd learned to love the boy
With his gilt-edged line of joy,
With his glorious gift of bluff,
With his splendid fightin' stuff.
Sing on, lad, and play the game!
O dear God! . . . no singin' came,
But there surged to me instead—
Silence, silence, deep and dread;
Till I shuddered, tried to pray,
Said: "He's maybe gone away."

Oh, yes, he had gone away,
Gone forever and a day.
But he'd left behind him there,
In his cabin, pitched and bare,

His poor body, skin and bone,
His sharp face, cold as a stone.
An' his stiffened fingers pressed
Somethin' bright upon his breast:
Locket with a silken curl,
Poor, sweet portrait of a girl.
Yet I reckon at the last
How defiant-like he passed;
For there sat upon his lips
Smile that death could not eclipse;
An' within his eyes lived still
Joy that dyin' could not kill.

An' now when the nights are long,
How I miss his cheery song!
How I sigh an' wish him back!
Happy Jack! Oh, Happy Jack!

Robert W. Service.

From "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone,"
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BALLADE OF THE GAMEFISH

This poem is based upon a line by Colonel John Trotwood Moore: "Only the gamefish swims upstream." The weakling and the slacker among fishes complain that fate has circumscribed their lives. They venture nothing hard or daring, and consequently win none of the glories of fish-hood. The same is true of men who are unwilling to make an effort or incur a risk.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

WHERE the puddle is shallow, the weakfish stay
To drift along with the current's flow;
To take the tide as it moves each day
With the idle ripples that come and go;
With a shrinking fear of the gales that blow
By distant coasts where the Great Ports gleam;

Where the far heights call through the silver glow,
"Only the gamefish swims upstream."

Where the shore is waiting, the minnows play,
Borne by the current's undertow;
Drifting, fluttering on their way,
Bound by a fate that has willed it so;
In the tree-flung shadows they never know
How far they have come from the old, brave
dream;
Where the wild gales call from the peaks of snow,
"Only the gamefish swims upstream."

Where the tide rolls down in a flash of spray
And strikes with the might of a bitter foe,
The shrimp and the sponge are held at bay
Where the dusk winds call the sun sinks low;
They call it Fate in their endless woe
As they shrink in fear when the wild hawks scream
From the crags and crests where the great thorns grow,
"Only the gamefish swims upstream."

Held with the current the Fates bestow,
The driftwood moves to a sluggish theme,
Nor heeds the call which the Far Isles throw,
"Only the gamefish swims upstream."

Grantland Rice.

Permission of the Author.
From "The Sportlight."

HAPPINESS

THINK ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?

Robert Burns.

A SONG

If the scene before you is ghastly or sordid, close your eyes and conjure up scenes of loveliness. If the sounds about you are hideous, seal your ears and catch harmonious strains of the spirit. "Heard melodies," Keats tells us, "are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are
gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrup the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere!

James Whitcomb Riley.

From the Biographical Edition
Of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley,
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LET'S BE BRAVE

We should not set too much store by our valor until it has weathered a genuine ordeal. A soldier once boasted in Julius Cæsar's presence about the wounds he had received in the face. Cæsar knew the man was a coward at heart, and bade him be careful how he looked back when he ran.

LET'S be brave when the laughter dies
And the tears come into our troubled eyes,
Let's cling to the faith and the old belief
When the skies grow gray with the clouds of grief,
Let's bear the sorrow and hurt and pain
And wait till the laughter comes again.

Let's be brave when the trials come
And our hearts are sad and our lips are dumb,
Let's strengthen ourselves in the times of test
By whispering softly that God knows best;
Let us still believe, though we cannot know,
We shall learn sometime it is better so.

Let's be brave when the joy departs,
Till peace shall come to our troubled hearts,
For the tears must fall and the rain come down
And each brow be pressed to the thorny crown;
Yet after the dark shall the sun arise,
So let's be brave when the laughter dies.

Edgar A. Guest.

From "The Passing Throng,"
The Reilly & Lee Co.



